

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER 5, 1936

WHO'S WHO

WHAT'S WHAT better characterizes what we wish to say immediately. For the first time beyond all remembering, AMERICA carries a Supplement. John J. A. Murphy has designed it in harmony with his July format. He hangs a woodcut, as a Nativity medallion, on the cover page. Staff writers have looked back upon the books of the twelvemonth, and noted their conclusions. Publishers have pointed out what of their output is important. Good books are good wishes for Christmas.

THOMAS FRANCIS WOODLOCK is now a contributing editor to the *Wall Street Journal*. He was chief editor before he accepted, in 1925, appointment on the Interstate Commerce Commission. An international authority on railways and finance, he is also a lover of literature and a student of philosophy. . . . DR. JAMES J. WALSH is primarily a physician, then a lecturer and writer on medical subjects, and then a historian, philosopher, journalist. Author of upwards of thirty books, of thousands of magazine articles, he is the possessor of knowledge that, if written, would fill another thousand volumes. . . . EMMET LAVERY, known best through his *First Legion*, has been in Hollywood, scenario writing, during the past year. . . . C. GLYNN FRASER is engaged in social service work in Boston. . . . WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH, poet for the week, biographer of *Isabella*, novelist in *Out of the Whirlwind*, is English Professor at Manhattanville College, New York.

NEXT WEEK will offer Mr. Plummer's third article, an answer to the Worried Pastor, *et al.*

THIS WEEK

COMMENT 194

GENERAL ARTICLES

- Erasmus and More: Intellect and Will
James J. Walsh 196
- The Catholic Theatre, New Thought on Old Dream
Emmet Lavery 197
- G. K. Chesterton in His Autobiography
Thomas F. Woodlock 199
- A Living Wage for the Younger...C. Glynn Fraser 201
- Fixing Junior's Future.....John Wiltbye 202

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF ... The Pilgrim 203

EDITORIALS 204

- In Germany....Our Patroness....Christmas Gifts
...Intervention in Mexico....Communism in the
Schools....Over Forty....Abounding in Hope.

CHRONICLE 207

CORRESPONDENCE 209

LITERATURE AND ARTS

- Progress: A Poem.....William Thomas Walsh 211

BOOKS 212

- A Papal Chamberlain.....Rev. John J. Donovan
- The Kaiser and English Relations....E. F. Benson
- Old Historic Churches of America
Edward F. Rines
- Eggs and Baker.....John Masefield

ART Harry Lorin Binsse 215

FILMS Thomas J. Fitzmorris 216

EVENTS The Parader 216

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COMMENT

FROM his own words, bewildered and awed at the distinguished presence of the collective American Hierarchy, representatives of twenty-five foreign nations and of some 270 American universities and colleges, different departments of the United States Government, and of every walk of life, the Right Rev. Joseph M. Corrigan, S.T.D., was inducted in Washington on November 18 as Rector of the Catholic University of America. As said by Archbishop Mitty of San Francisco on that occasion: "The Rector of the Catholic University occupies a very peculiar and distinctive position among his brother priests in this nation. Working under the direction and with the support of the Bishops, he is unto his brethren the clergy a source of light and inspiration." That the sixth in line of succession from Keane, Conaty, O'Connell, Shahan, and Ryan will not fall short of this task is sufficiently pledged by his zeal, learning, and priestly character as Rector of Overbrook Seminary. But it is likewise indicated by the language of his own inaugural address, which boldly points out among other tasks to be faced by a great Catholic school of higher learning, that of meeting the tremendous social issue of the present moment:

We find in an epochal day apparently dawning for this American Nation a very changed condition destined permanently to affect the welfare of the people. Federal and State legislation intimately affecting our entire social and personal life, and every phase of that life today, has already opened a series of changes looking to social security for every class of citizen which is not likely to be put aside, whatever changes of partisan politics. This planning for social security for the various classes of citizens immediately makes a great need for Catholic citizens who are well equipped, both in the basic principles of social science and in the *de facto* knowledge of methods and institutions. The whole future of social security is going to win success or failure in the measure in which we keep or lose truth, honor, honesty, and respect for authority. Since these factors rest finally only on the eternal law of God, we know how definitely religion must play its part even in the guiding and helping the State to attain its true purpose.

The message of Christian social science, Monsignor Corrigan went on to explain, is to be conveyed to experts in the many fields of specialized activities, as well as to the "disproportionate number of the working population and of the poor in the United States" who are Catholic, while religion itself is to be defended in the field of advanced apologetics. With such a program, the new Rector of this great institution will be able to count upon the enthusiastic support of the clergy and laity of the United States. There is every hope that under his leadership the Catholic University of America will fulfil a providential part in establishing theology as a unifying force among the perplexed disciplines of twentieth-century education.

"ALL over city sometimes eight, sometimes nine, sometimes twelve kids in four rooms. Nobody bothers them. Why do they bother us? She's happy, her mother wants her to be with us. Why don't they let us alone"? Thus spoke Joe Alves. Joe is the Negro who with his wife Serena had been ordered to give up a white child, Lucy Feluso. Lucy's mother gave her to them to care for three years ago when she found she could not bring up the girl herself. The foster parents occupy a first-floor rear apartment in an old tenement in west lower mid-town Manhattan. Visitors to the apartment after the Bureau of Hygiene had brought the case before the public reported that it seemed cleaner and better kept than most tenement dwellings. The Eugenic Society that recommended the Protestant Big Sisters should find the child a home are apt, like many of their kind, to err as to what constitutes a home. They are liable to confound it with well-kept institutions, well ordered, lightsome and comfy, indeed. But a home is much more than that. This child has found in her Negro "mother" the love, understanding of the child heart, and a devoted generosity that is sadly lacking in an institution that the Bureau of Child Hygiene would recommend highly. As a matter of fact, none of the things that count with the relief workers were wanting in Lucy's adopted home. The child was not only well fed, clothed, happy and healthy but also was being taught in the evening by the hard working Cape Verde Negro janitor—even in several languages. Joe had already brought up another white orphan, now happily married in Detroit. We sympathize with Joe's complaint: "Why pick on me. The Constitution says no difference between colored and white. We're warm here. She has plenty to eat, that girl. Why come for bother us?" How many white men and women in the country could tell of the devoted care of the colored nurse! This time the law was on the side of humanity and its rights. Joe and Serena kept their happy ward.

— — —

THERE is no use sitting back and saying about the movies that the Legion of Decency is taking care of them. This is all negative. The movies, whether we like it or not, are here to stay. The cinema is too brilliant a medium of dramatic communication to be high-hatted or merely tolerated. And, if it is here to stay, Catholics will be only temporizers if they simply go and *watch* what is being presented. They must *create* what is to be presented. How long will it take us to learn this lesson? Everybody remembers how the situation stood a few years ago in the matter of books. In 1910 we were never told *what* to read. We were told only what *not* to read, or what *might* be read if we insisted. The book

situation has now changed, and, except in the matter of fiction, is quite satisfactory. But in regard to the stage and the screen, we are simply standing by and letting heretics, pagans and infidels not only preside over our dramatic entertainment, but even take charge (with little or no understanding) of a Catholic theme when it occurs in one of their presentations. Priests and nuns are sure-fire dramatic material on the screen. Would not Catholic husbands and wives, lovers and maidens, altar boys, First Communion girls, be equally so if they were flickered and talkied before us in an intelligent Catholic story? A Catholic wedding, with a white-veiled bride shining as a holocaust of love "for better or worse, for richer or poorer," etc., is intensely more dramatic than a ten-minute marriage before a Justice of the Peace, wearing a sign-on-the-dotted-line look, chewing a cigar, and surveying a shot-gun in the corner. The "sacrament" of Catholic life, in the matter of birth, death, sickness, love and marriage, is the one force which will offer to the movies those conflicts and crises which will measure up to its versatility as a dramatic vehicle. Sooner or later this will come to be known. *Watch the screen* when this happens. For it is likely to give us some thunderous echoes from eternity.

DEMOCRACY, into disrepute they have dragged down thy name! Some time since, we began to be aware that the radical elite were wedding themselves to the noble term of democrats and divorcing themselves from the name of proletariats. When cannons began booming in Spain, and firecrackers were exploding critically in our recent election campaign, it was the cry of democracy that went up from the throats of the American Communists, echoed by the near Communists. The climax has been reached. The infallible arbiter of what is and what is not democracy, of who is and who is not an exponent of progressive democracy has been raised up by himself, Rev. Harry F. Ward. Not long since, he was under charges preferred by his Methodist brethren. He has now issued under the auspices of a Methodist faction a release to the newspapers alleging that "the Vatican's announced campaign against communism in Spain and elsewhere is in reality a campaign against democracy on a world-wide front." Now Dr. Ward is Chairman of the American League against War and Fascism, as reddish a League as blushes in America. Your editor was asked for comment by the New York *World-Telegram* on the Ward-Methodist statement, and forgetting urbanity as he now disregards it, stated that the remarks were "ludicrous in their arrogance." Michael Williams, editor of your other Catholic intellectual journal, the *Commonweal*, also laid aside his habitual urbanity and characterized Dr. Ward's remarks as "obvious and malicious nonsense." Neither of your editors was irate; merely aghast. Says Editor Michael Williams, very much to the point: "It is deplorable that the Methodist Federation for Social Service should have permitted itself to become the propaganda agency for the Communist inspired attack upon the Vatican made

by Dr. Harry F. Ward." Again speaks Editor Williams: "Why does not Dr. Ward—still more pertinently, why does not the Methodist Federation for Social Service—denounce the Communist assault upon both democracy and religion, as well as they denounce the anti-democratic policies of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy"?

THERE are various renditions of the popular proverb: "Show me your companions and I'll tell you what you are." Another version has it: "Birds of a feather flock together." But no matter what your particular choice of expression may be, the thought contained is the same. People are judged by their associates. There has been, and still is, a far cry all over the country about the "insurgent" group who are warring on Spain's "democracy." What this democracy means is rather hard to determine. The word seems to have changed its meaning in some circles. And when we find Soviet Russia the ally of this Spanish "democracy," when the groups in France, England and the United States from which most of the crying is forthcoming are aligned with Communism, we begin to surmise that Spain's "democratic" bed-fellows are all birds of the same feather. But perhaps the best indication of what this so-called "democracy" is, may be judged from a glance at the personnel and the party affiliations of the members of the present "Red" cabinet of Spain, which is now residing in Valencia. Seven members are listed as Left Socialists, four are members of the National Confederation of Workers, the anarcho-Syndicalist party, two are Communists, and five are affiliated with the Left Republican party. You may argue about the particular shade but not the color itself. Spain's "democracy" is distinctly "red."

SPEAKING on the subject of "Second Thoughts after the Election" at the annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce of New York State, President Angell of Yale made some judicious comments. The entry of the government on a large scale into the process of relief, has developed a new situation which requires the most serious and thoughtful study. He said that signs point to the setting up of relatively permanent programs of public work and a probable large amount of direct government aid. He warned against the belief that the government can cure all economic ills through taxation. He put his hand on the weakness which is found in all government work.

To rob our communities of the element of voluntary giving on the part of the intelligent, generous and socially minded is to destroy one of the most precious of human values and to substitute cold, methodical procedures for the warm-hearted outpouring of human impulse.

In a like sensible vein he added that we must breed "a sufficiently vivid form of intelligent social altruism to forego some of the individual prerogatives which in a simpler day we could properly and successfully claim."

ERASMUS AND MORE INTELLECT AND WILL

Two products of the Renaissance

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

AFTER four hundred years, the world of scholarship is now engaged in commemorating the anniversary of the death of Erasmus. Almost anyone with any pretense to scholarship thinks he knows Erasmus, but nearly everyone has an Erasmus of his own. Erasmus is remembered, yet the admiration for him is not associated with the kindlier feelings that might have been expected under the circumstances. This is due to Erasmus' own fault. If ever anyone deserved to have applied to him Horace's expressive word, *difficilis*, "a crank," it was surely Erasmus. Those who suffered from his crankiness got square by dwelling on the unpleasant traits of his character. No wonder, then, that Erasmus is counted among the regiment of the misunderstood.

A single feature of Erasmus' life, eminently revelatory of his disposition, is his thoroughgoing abuse of his teachers. If there are educators still left who may be prone to cherish the idea that they shall, at least, have the satisfaction in later life of the gratitude of their pupils, then for disillusionment they should read Erasmus on his teachers. Almost nothing was too bitter for him to say of them. He profoundly despised them. He was sure that they knew next to nothing, that is, of what they ought to know, and he was even surer that they taught him nothing, and that the time spent under their tutelage was just wasted.

Yet the more we know about Erasmus, the more we become convinced that it was not his teachers who were to blame but himself. His early training he owed to the Brethren of the Common Life, and it must not be forgotten that among their pupils who always held them in high admiration approaching reverence were some of the most distinguished scholars and teachers of the Renaissance period. What weight does it carry if Erasmus abuses them as teachers, when such men as Rudolph Agricola, prince of scholars, Thomas à Kempis, Alexander Hegius, Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, and Jacob Wimpfeling, "the schoolmaster of Germany," praise them highly? The Brethren of the Common Life were at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century the tender foster-mother, the real *alma mater*, of a whole series of scholars whose reputation has deservedly lasted

until our time and whose names have become imperishable landmarks in the history of scholarship.

There was another man educated within a decade of the time when Erasmus secured the foundations of his education who was a dear friend of the Dutch scholar and yet presented the greatest possible contrast. This was Thomas More, afterwards Sir Thomas, and now Saint Thomas. He and Erasmus became close friends, and in spite of somewhat more than ten years which separated them, they continued their friendship until More perished on the scaffold. The greatest mystery of Erasmus' life, and there are many others, is undoubtedly the persistence of friendship with Sir Thomas. More, too, was a scholar but of a very different kind from Erasmus. The Dutchman knew more, but he had nothing like the fine character of the Englishman. They were striking examples of the difference between education of the intellect and education of the will. Long ago Aristotle declared that man's will is more important, far surpassing his intellect. This was the difference between the two men.

We have a rather surprising declaration from Huxley illuminating well this difference of education. In his address on *A Liberal Education and Where to Find It*, delivered some fifty years ago before the South London Workingmen's College, Huxley said in terms that must have quite shocked some of his scientific friends:

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, ready, like the steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience.

One hears very little, in our day, in educational circles of a "vigorous will." As for a "tender conscience," apparently that seems to the great majority of people a supremely absurd suggestion. If you keep watch and ward over yourself, you will be sure, so most of the intelligentsia seem to think, to run into various disturbed states of mind and nerves, neuroses and psychoneuroses and the rest,

as a result of the repression that must be practised. We hear still of the necessity for self-expression if we are to continue with a healthy mind in a healthy body. Where would Huxley's tender conscience find itself in conjunction with the supposed results of repression that have disturbed so many in our day?

No wonder that Huxley felt free to confess after careful search throughout Britain he was unable to find a college or university where such a liberal education might be found. Quite needless to say, there was a lot of teaching and a lot of studying, but there was something lacking in the educational part. Thomas More would undoubtedly have represented the product of a liberal education. He had had the advantage of being one of the young men who lived in the household of Cardinal Morton and was brought up under the tender paternal eye of that prelate, himself one of the distinguished Renaissance scholars of the time. Erasmus got his start in life from the Brethren of the Common Life, and the continuance of his education mainly from his own efforts, and like so many another self-made man he worshipped his creator.

The contrast between Erasmus and More was emphasized particularly by their attitude toward

life. Both of them saw very clearly the discrepancies between life as it was and as it might be. In one of them the recognition of this gave rise to humor, in the other to wit. It has often been said that the two words are hard to distinguish clearly, but the distinctions between the two modes of expression are well drawn in the character and writings of these two men who so thoroughly understood each other.

Erasmus was witty to a degree that makes him one of the wits of the world. More was a humorist whose jokes are a part of his heritage for mankind. Wit is biting, and many an enemy did Erasmus make for himself by his sallies of wit and above all of satire. Many a friend did More make because of his humor and his sympathy. Humor laughs with people, and wit at them, and the humorist is loved as a friend while the satirist meets with deprecation.

We shall forgive Erasmus much for what we have learned of him as the end of life approached. At last his doubts disappeared and he prayed as fervently as any of the old women whose devotions he had satirized in earlier life. More never had doubts, and because of this he went as a martyr to the scaffold.

11:30

THE CATHOLIC THEATRE NEW THOUGHT ON OLD DREAM

The plan needs nothing except fulfillment

EMMET LAVERY

PREPARING some talks for appreciative audiences, a new thought came to me on the question of the Catholic Theatre—a new plan, if you will. And it must be good, because it involves no subsidy! It needs no “angel” in the Broadway meaning of the word. It needs nothing but a little energy expended in the name of coordination.

You probably remember that whenever The Catholic Theatre has been discussed (with emphasis and accent on *The*) we have usually thought of it in the Broadway sense. The nebulous idea has usually been envisioned as another Theatre Guild, exposed to the cruel competition of Broadway with a label that might limit its appeal even among the faithful.

I propose that we think of the Catholic Theatre

in a new light, as both national and parochial in scope, with Broadway left out of the picture for the moment. I suggest that we lose no time in coordinating the existing college and parish theatres into a National Catholic Theatre Conference, devoted to common standards, the interchange of experience with the world's best drama, and the creation of additional theatre units. And I advance the idea on two grounds:

1. It is sound economics. Most parishes have the equipment. Most parishes have their share of ambitious young Catholic collegians qualified to handle such an assignment. We have the equipment, the personnel, the audience. And, as I shall presently outline, the material is infinite and varied.

2. It is good Catholic culture. It is an art form

particularly Catholic in its development, and it is the one medium readily available through which the masses of our people may be made to feel the spark which we call the Catholic way of life.

I could cite the experience of many forward-looking pastors to prove that the parish theatre is at least one answer to the dilemmas involved in the balancing of the parish budget. And I could argue without fear of contradiction that it would project the Catholic way of life more satisfactorily than some aspects of parish bazaars with which we are all familiar.

Let me clinch the argument, if argument remains, by referring you to the example of the New Theatre League, that vigorous and efficient adjunct of the Communist Party in this country. It, too, has a culture to spread and a budget to raise. Does it turn to raffles and card parties to spread the gospel according to Marx and to pay the taxes according to Morgenthau? No, year in and year out, it sends touring companies up and down the country, doing the plays of Clifford Odets and other Leftist dramatists. It has had the imagination to turn to the theatre as an enduring art form in which the masses can be entertained while they are educated.

So, while we sit idly by and wait for some "angel" to endow a mythical Catholic Theatre, our contemporaries on the Left proceed to recapture a medium which should be ours. Is it not time that we turned again to the theatre which the Church rescued in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries?

I am not proposing that we subvert an art form, that we turn the theatre upside down to make a place for Catholic soap-box drama. For one thing, I believe the Catholic Literary Revival has shown us that the craftsmen of the Right have a more scrupulous regard for the limitations of a medium than the shouters on the Left. But I am maintaining that the Catholic Theatre in its national and parochial aspects could be the magnificent fulfillment of that dream which so many of us once held for the little theatres of America. We could, if we wished, be the single greatest force in the "tributary theatre" of America, a force dedicated to the preservation of all good drama, whether Catholic in itself or not.

We have at least 15,000 parishes in America. Unlike the little theatres of yesterday, these parishes have a common ideal which is above and beyond this world. If in the next five years only five per cent of these parishes devoted themselves to the work of the parish theatre, who can say that a new Abbey might not rise in America? Or a dozen Abbeys, for let us remember that when the Abbey began in Ireland it was definitely amateur in the best sense of the word!

For the few skeptics who doubt whether we can introduce drama to parishes that have not had it, let me suggest that a Church with our spiritual strength has the power and opportunity to condition the average parish to any art form. That goes for anything from bingo to sculpture!

For those who wonder whether there is enough Catholic drama to form the basis of such a move-

ment, let me cite a rather ample list which escaped the attention of Calvert Alexander, S.J., in his excellent work *The Catholic Literary Revival*. Let us begin with the forty plays of Henry Gheon, which Father Alexander does mention, and then go to those which he does not. Briefly, they include:

Sierra's *Cradle Song*, *Kingdom of God*, *Two Shepherds*; Claudel's *The Tidings Brought to Mary*; Shaw's *St. Joan*; Chesterton's *Magic*; Yeats' *Well of the Saints*; the plays of Calderon; Father Talbot's *Shining in Darkness*; Don Marquis' *The Dark Hours*; Barry's *The Joyous Season*; Father Lord's *The Road to Connaught*; Austin Strong's *The Little Father of the Wilderness*; Hampden's *Caponsacchi*; Laurence Housmann's cycle of plays on *St. Francis*; perhaps O'Neill's *Days Without End*.

To this list we might add several that appeared since Father Alexander's book went to press: Clifton's *Sanctity*, T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, the Ave Maria hour dramatization of the Lives of the Saints on the radio, the morality plays adopted by Catholic collegians in terms of modern economics, and perhaps *The First Legion* and *Monsignor's Hour*.

This is a list compiled at random. The library shelves will produce many more. The important thing is that we have the seed for a Catholic Theatre; we have the theatre; and we have the audiences. And as I look the plan over, I can see many new and exciting possibilities. I see young people of a parish experimenting with puppetry, costuming, lighting, designing—all fascinating aspects of an enterprise new to many of them. I see great audiences as well as fine actors being trained in the Catholic tradition. I see a new market for the works of rising young Catholic dramatists who might not find a ready hearing on Broadway. I see the exchange between the Catholic Theatre and Broadway of sound plays that have proved their merits in both fields. And I can see the Catholic way of life opened up to the masses who may never join the Catholic Book Club or identify themselves with the Catholic Poetry Society.

One can even look ahead and see the day when the Catholic Theatre of America, a union of at least five hundred imaginative theatres, may exchange its works with those of the Catholic Theatre in France and the other countries abroad that have known the worth of the parish theatre.

Does the plan need any more than merely the will to put it into execution and the national conscience to keep it going? We have organized everything in this country from charity to poetry. Is it not time we gave some attention to the theatre, in a very practical if inexpensive kind of way?

Let me appeal to the great Catholic colleges of this country and the alumni of those colleges: Won't you take the steps to effect a national consciousness of the parish theatre? And let me appeal to the pastors: When some young collegian steps up and asks you to give the parish theatre a chance, won't you give him a sympathetic hearing?

And, parting note, to the editors of AMERICA and Catholic editors everywhere: Won't you take five minutes off to consider the potentialities, financially and culturally, from a National Catholic Theatre Conference which would function year in and year out?

You all agree that the great objective is to make the Catholic way of life real, to effect the great

transfer from the devotions of Sunday to the routines of week-day living.

Why forget the theatre? Think, for a moment, what the dramatization of one book like Helen White's *Watch in the Night* would do for thousands who shun a novel as something ponderous but who still respond to the lure of the spoken word in the theatre.

G. K. CHESTERTON IN HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The man a portent, the book an index

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK

EVERYBODY will read this book with enjoyment. It is intensely amusing and witty, and full of those qualities which for a generation, at least, have made Chesterton a truly popular writer, even among those who had but little suspicion of what he was really saying. It is Chesterton in his most Chestertonian manner. Ralph Thompson of the *New York Times*, (after demonstrating his complete inability to understand the man), finally concludes his review, saying: "When we have said that, we have said everything, everything but the best thing of all—that it was written by G. K. Chesterton." So far as *reviewing* the book is concerned, I content myself by repeating what I said at the outset. It is a book for everyone, for it has something for everyone. Let that stand without qualification or reserve.

What I shall now attempt to do is to point out that it carries a tremendous freight of meaning, besides giving us the clue or key to the unique quality of the man himself. I can find no better approach to my point than is contained in Mr. Thompson's own judgment:

Chesterton has been called the greatest wit since Voltaire and perhaps the superlative is justified. But to link Voltaire and Chesterton in any other regard is little less than fatuity. The Frenchman was a universal man and remains quite as sound today (though for other reasons than Alfred Noyes believes he has discovered) as in the eighteenth century. The Englishman lacked universality, even in his own lifetime, and unless clocks begin running backward, he will never acquire it.

Of which judgment I shall say that it reflects about as complete a misunderstanding of Chester-

ton as could be packed into as many words, for—leaving Voltaire out of the case—it is precisely his *universality* that makes him the outstanding figure of his time. And I do not mean his universality of talent by means of which he worked as easily in poetry as in prose, in drama as in fiction, in philosophy as in mystery stories, in literary criticism as in political polemics. I mean the clairvoyance of his vision and his complete understanding by which he saw unerringly into the meaning of things and their relation to the very fundamentals of thought itself. Etienne Gilson remarked of him once: "He positively irritates me! He is always right." (By the way, touching Mr. Thompson's remarks about clocks running backward, he might inform himself on the reception that Harvard University has given to Gilson's lectures this autumn on the Thomist philosophy—a phenomenon without modern parallel in our university annals!). The key or clue to that universality can be put in the simple statement that Chesterton stood to his age as did the child in the famous story of *The Emperor's New Clothes* to the Emperor's court—and for the same reason.

By some miracle Chesterton was preserved from the cruel fate of the rest of us, in that through life he retained that priceless faculty of childhood which enables it to pierce with its relentless questions to the heart of those *Whys? Whats? and Hows!* which puzzle us as we grow up, just because we have forgotten to ask the right questions. Chesterton could always ask the right question about everything, which was why he could so often give the right answer.

Read carefully the second and third chapters of the book, *The Man With the Golden Key* and *How to be a Dunce*, and note what he says of childhood and the child. Here, for instance, speaking of his childish liking for "edges" and "boundary lines," "frames and limits" and "everything else that emphasizes a sharp distinction between one thing and another," he says: "And, I believe, in feeling these things from the first, I was feeling the fragmentary suggestions of a philosophy I have since found to be the truth." Again: "What was wonderful about childhood is that anything in it was a wonder. It was not merely a world full of miracles; it was a miraculous world." Again: "But the real child does not confuse fact and fiction. He simply likes fiction. He acts it because he cannot as yet write it or even read it; but he never allows his moral sanity to be clouded by it. To him no two things could possibly be more totally contrary than playing at robbers and stealing sweets. . . . I saw the distinction perfectly clearly when I was a child; I wish I saw it half as clearly now." Again: "But the child knows nothing about cunning or perversion. He sees nothing but the moral ideals themselves, and he simply sees that they are true. Because they are." Again: "Now it may seem both a daring and a doubtful boast if I claim that in my childhood I was all there. At least many of those who knew me best were quite doubtful about it. But I mean that the distinctions I make here were all there; I was not conscious of them but I contained them." Again: "Well, I believe in prolonging childhood and I am not sorry I was a backward child." And: "In a word, I have never lost the sense that this was my real life, the real beginning of what should have been a more real life; a lost experience in the land of the living." Again: "At this time I did not even know that this morning light could be lost; still less about any controversies as to whether it could be recovered." Again: "A very practical and experienced traveler with nothing of the mystic about him once remarked to me suddenly, 'There must be something rottenly wrong with education itself. So many people have wonderful children and all the grown-up people are such duds.'" Finally, and here is a striking foreshadowing of his Chapter Six in *St. Thomas Aquinas* where he discusses the tremendous concept of *Ens*: "I invented a rudimentary and makeshift mystical theory of my own. It was substantially this: that even mere existence, reduced to its most primary limits, was extraordinary enough to be exciting."

That Chesterton was ever fully conscious of his extraordinary and unique privilege may be doubted; that he possessed it is beyond reasonable doubt. There is, however, this important difference between him and the child at the Emperor's court; the Emperor's courtiers knew that the child spoke the truth, whereas most of Chesterton's readers were and are content to babble unceasingly of his "paradoxes," and complain of his habit of standing everything on its head. Moreover, to complete the picture, the same people reverence—or did until very recently—Bernard Shaw as an authen-

tic prophet and philosopher! Chesterton is indeed an excellent touchstone by which to judge the age in which he lived and the people who read him. By their reactions you shall know them. The last thing that our moderns even yet suspect is that the present mess into which the world has got itself is the result of a gigantic metaphysical apostasy, and that implicit in everything that Chesterton wrote is a condemnation of that apostasy. Much less do they suspect that upon its abandonment depends the future of civilization itself. That apostasy can be summed up in a sentence; Man denied his own nature.

All Chesterton's thought begins with a recognition of the supreme value and dignity of *man*—the *person*. (All the modern errors, by the way, now converge to one point—denial of man's personality and transfer of that personality to the State.) Very characteristically Chesterton emphasizes gratitude as a duty of this *person* having in mind the wonder of his mere existence. Toward the end of his story he speaks of "one idea; which I hope it is not pompous to call the chief idea of my life; I will not say the doctrine I have always taught but the doctrine I should always like to teach. That is the idea of taking things with gratitude and not taking things for granted." And a little further on: "And it seemed to me in the beginning, as it seems to me now in the end, that the pessimists and the optimists of the modern world have alike missed and muddled this matter; through leaving out the ancient conception of humility and the thanks of the unworthy." Again, another quotation: "Since the time of which I speak the world has in this respect grown even worse. A whole generation has been taught to talk nonsense at the top of its voice about having 'a right to life' and a 'right to experience' and 'a right to happiness.' The lucid thinkers who talk like this generally wind up their assertion of all these extraordinary rights by saying there is no such thing as right and wrong."

Coming to the end of his own story, Chesterton offers of himself the following summary: "I am answering at the end only the questions I asked at the beginning. I have said that I had in childhood, and have partly preserved out of childhood, a certain romance of receptiveness, which has not been killed by sin or even sorrow. . . . Existence is still a strange thing to me; and as a stranger I give it welcome. . . . I put that beginning of all my intellectual impulses before the authority to which I have come at the end."

In my humble belief, this man Chesterton is a portent whose importance as such will grow steadily in the time to come, so long as there are men who are capable of thinking at all, and this *Autobiography* will stand as an imperishable commentary on the age in which we live. Now if someone would sift the comments made upon him at his death by his contemporaries, and by reviewers on this book, and give to succeeding ages a picture of what his age thought of him, it would be a most illuminating sidelight upon the causes that have brought the world to its present condition.

A LIVING WAGE FOR THE YOUNGER

What you can do to establish it

C. GLYNN FRASER

MUCH has been written on "the living wage" and its application to the family as a unit. At college and in most discussion the younger generation looks upon it as a term applicable to the comfort of a man with a family who is "a laborer worthy of his hire." I propose to discuss the term in its relation to youth.

In order best to approach the matter, let us say a word or two on its common acceptance. Thanks to the Encyclicals, most Catholics have a general definition of the term. In the simple language of Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., the living wage is an amount "sufficient to enable (a married man) to provide for his wife and children, and lay aside some money for a rainy day." The money value is relative. John J. O'Connor, not mentioning the size of families, draws this conclusion (AMERICA May 16): "Catholic economists are telling the world that the workers are entitled to a minimum income of \$2,000 a year—at 1929 prices."

Negatively, we might say that because of the lack of a living wage, the people now on "relief" had been unable to save against a time of unemployment. This has been evil bread cast upon clean waters: it now comes back as taxes for relief appropriations. So, in the end, all savings made possible by cheap labor now have to be surrendered to those from whom money was taken in the first place. Worse than anything else, the withholding of a fair exchange of money for labor has resulted in a distressing, worrisome fear of insecurity. Workers in the prime of life, at forty or thereabouts, believe industry to be closed to them. This reaction is appreciated only by those who have looked for work *after* the last dime was spent!

And so again, to youth. The majority of economists say the depression has been over for more than a year; that is, the 1929 era was something that happened. It won't be back. But during the period known as depression, a sufficient number of years have flown to allow a great many youths to graduate from high schools and colleges. They have had time to sit idle; what is more, they have seen Dad sit idle. The result of Dad's not getting a living wage—or keeping his job—has meant that son could not continue school. In the case of the Catholic family of four or five children, those who could,

finished high school and began looking for work. Dad was not able to send them to college.

In the smaller Catholic family, children might have got as far as college, with some of them graduating. But the scrimping and saving meant work after school, and in school when it could be fitted into the schedule. In consequence, son or daughter has not been able to make the ever-necessary "contacts," nor have they been able to participate in extra-curricular activities where ease of friend-making, real educating of personality, and social adaptability are acquired. They find their education is only a piece of paper. Son cannot make a start and because some other Son cannot make a start, Daughter cannot plan an intelligent marriage.

So, money is longed for as unattainable. But they all get along somehow or other, and that is the danger. The young people must have fun: no one denies that. If the fun is not clean, it will be dirty. If proper social functions cannot be enjoyed because of lack of money, they are forgotten; and improper social functions are enjoyed. The "basement club" is formed among other "social clubs." Athletic events, school functions, and so forth, are passed up for bowling and billiards, which are cheap. The dance-hall takes the place of the ball-room (in its proper meaning) and doorway-dates replace the theatre. Thus, effects on youth brought about because Dad could not earn enough—even though mother was economical and Dad worked eight hours a day, at least, and was never ill—finally result in unhappy living from every standpoint, but principally immorality. I say "immorality" rather than "lack of morality" because most Catholic youths know the difference between right and wrong.

College having been left behind with a commencement already two or three years old, Son finds himself out of the youth-period with no experience worth much and no hopes of landing a job in the immediate future. He has, in addition, the awful feeling that he is already displaced by younger college men who have no blank years on their applications. This means, also, that Son cannot marry as readily as in the past. By the time he finds a position, has a few dollars saved, and plans on stretching his own wings, he is close to thirty. Still

young, true; but already a bachelor with self-sufficient habits. He is used to living as a single being, and is wary of marriage. The possible unhealthy attitude which this may bring about toward morality, especially concerning sex relations in a material world, is evident.

Just what can one do about it?

Youth needs a starting point, a new field of adventure. Generations of the past have been taken care of by new endeavors: conquest, education, exploration, learning, science, the machine, and so on. Modern youth has few opportunities; only the brilliant progress steadily. There are sufficient of these to consume the available positions in television, Diesel motor, modern housing and recreation, and the like. However, there is a field which has unlimited potentialities of adventure.

But first let me define my term "adventure." By it I mean the enthusiasm (Greek, *thusia*, sacrifice) to search for practical expressions of happiness through love of God and man. American adventurers, the pioneers, of an early day knew of such adventure. They turned over unbroken land, they felled the forests, they bridged rivers, and eventually brought plenty and peace to their fellows—and all for love of God, the freedom to love Him.

And so on to our field of adventure! On second thought, it is not by any means a new field. Rather, it is the oldest of fields of endeavor: the science of government.

Government comes from the Greek word meaning "to steer" or "to navigate." The search of youth, in this world-wide and unlimited field of adventure, is to attain against their later years, those conditions which will eliminate the causes of their present conditions; or, guaranteeing a living wage to anyone who can earn, and care for those who cannot. It is a vast field, and so far open only to age; and age, we fear, which in nine of ten cases did not prepare for government. It calls for great care and sacrifice and intelligence; but, simply, it means the application of Christian ethics to the guidance of people. Too ideal? Maybe; but youth has no alternative. Youth has one hope: to set up a government, later, as youth wants it now. This means getting intelligent men to head organized voters, from the town meeting to the State election. Youth can keep its ideals, its objective principles, if it will. This thought must be ever foremost in mind: sacrifices will have to be made; power must not be sought, but the ends which it will allow must be realized; and old-fashioned honesty must be at the steering-wheel.

FIXING JUNIOR'S FUTURE

ACCORDING to an ancient adage, you can always tell a Boston school marm, but you cannot tell her much. She knows everything, and her certainty that she does fortifies her against every infusion of what claims to be new knowledge. Whether or not this adage has even as much as a tincture of truth

about it, I cannot say. But this I can assert: you cannot tell an ex-teacher, one who has seen the error of his way, and has reformed (or who has been quietly told that some other field imperatively demands his rare talents) *anything at all*. I know that because I was not always what I am today. In bygone days, I myself, *moi que vous parle*, set myself up as a guide, philosopher, and friend of the young.

We who now look back on our days in the classroom, with either a sense of regret or a feeling akin to that of a lifer at Sing Sing suddenly pardoned, are all Bourbons. You cannot get anything new into our heads, even with the aid of a surgical operation. But it is not true that we are the last to lay the old aside. We never lay it aside. It stays with us, and we look upon it, hoary and moss-backed, with the love that we bestow upon an old and tried friend. It is our *dimidium animae*, and we cannot give that moiety of our souls into bondage. Laboratories and graphs, personality schedules and intelligent quotients, are not for us. Even Zyve's Stanford Scientific Test leaves us cold.

These solemn thoughts surged into my mind not long ago when I dropped in to pass the time of day with my old friend Penfold. Like myself, he was once a teacher. I found him with the November number of that enlightening periodical *The Catholic Educational Review* in his hand. Or it had been, for he had flung it to the floor after reading a learned article by Brother Henry C. Ringkamp, S.M., entitled *A Vocational-Guidance Project in McBride High School*. Apparently, it flicked the old mossback on the raw.

I have just read the article, and I counsel you to follow my example. After stifling my first scornful snorts, I found it excellent, and I believe that in his heart Penfold liked it too. It tells of a series of vocational tests which are being applied in this St. Louis Catholic high school with the aid of graduate students from the department of education of St. Louis University. One criticism only would we both venture, and it is not so much a criticism as a question. Have parents nothing to do with the problem of the vocation of their children, or must the matter be decided by tests in the psychological laboratory?

In this era of careless parents, perhaps our only resource is the laboratory. But a laboratory, I venture to think, is a poor substitute for a parent. Perhaps it is a little bit better than nothing, like a bed-time story over the radio. But the radio and the laboratory cannot actuate with magic touch the deepest springs of character formation. Only a mother with a child in her arms, warm and sweet and ready for bed, a father with a little lad at his knee, wide-eyed at a tale of adventurous daring, can do that. But we have, God help us, so few parents who know their power.

Yes, let us have the laboratory. But must fathers and mothers be eliminated? I think not. The laboratory will help the teacher, upon whom so much of the parent's work devolves. Perhaps it may even stimulate our modern negligent parents.

JOHN WILTBYE

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

THE BRIGHT FACE OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

TODAY I happened to be talking with a Catholic woman who had returned a short while ago from a visit to Russia. She had gone on business, with special introductions, and thus had experienced only the more agreeable side of the USSR.

Being an experienced person, who lays little value on casual impressions, she was not disposed to philosophize about such a fleeting trip. Two impressions, however, were prominent in her memory.

"What struck me most," she observed, "was the extraordinarily one-track mind that you met with everywhere. The first three or four days in Moscow I was agreeably disappointed in not noticing anything out of the ordinary. People were laughing and talking in quite normal fashion around the hotel. But as you came to converse with them you found that not one living person, among the younger generation, had the remotest concept of anything outside of Russia. It was as if a wall of invisible glass were raised between us. Through that wall it was impossible to penetrate. Any contradiction you might offer of their sweeping assertions about the misery of people, for instance, in the United States was met by a flat denial.

"Another impression," she continued, "was the curious similarity in the methods of mass propaganda under the Nazis and under the Communists: the same use, for instance, of huge pictures of the leaders. There was the same belief that you were taking your life in your hands if you went on a visit to Germany, or to Russia, as the case might be."

She also commented upon the care that the Soviet Government is devoting now to certain religious artistic monuments of the past, at strange variance with their earlier practice. Again, this policy appears to have been borrowed from the Nazis and Fascists, for there is no change in the destructive character of Communist principles.

A striking instance of this reversal of policy towards Russia's past glories is seen in the suppression just a few days ago of a comic opera which was to be performed at the Kamerny Theatre in Moscow, upon the ground that it was historically and ideologically false. The famous proletarian poet, Damyan Byedny ("Poor Damian"), who until recent times was the spoiled darling of the Moscow press, must be rubbing his pate and wondering.

The opera, called *Bogatyri* ("champions," or "valiant knights") after the warriors with which St. Vladimir, who introduced Christianity into Russia, surrounded himself in tenth-century Kiev, was a satire on an historical event which religious Russia has always held as sacred as St. Patrick's return to Ireland, or St. Boniface's mission to Germany

have been held by the people of those countries.

Artistically, the big attraction was to be Borodin's music, which Damyan Byedny characterized as "the youthful impudence of a musical genius" (*Pravda*, October 24, 1936). The music, originally composed for an opera by Pushkin, was lost, later discovered, and finally identified in 1928. The former text was discarded, the five acts reduced to three, and a completely new subject assigned. With characteristic modesty and delicacy, Damyan explains that the music was a "carcass," which was to be given life by attaching it to a new theme.

The comic element was to be provided by making out that Prince Vladimir's knights were in reality bitterly envious of him, deserting him in hour of need, and by picturing him as a coward and drunkard. The opera, according to Damyan, revolves about two main ideas: rescue by the bandits of their comrades imprisoned by the knights; and the representation of St. Vladimir's mass baptism of the Russian people as a mere drunken spree. Once Vladimir wakes up from his spree, he is in terror lest he has offended the heathen god Perun. Damyan frankly admits that "for the sake of the music" he has introduced things flatly contrary to history. Thus a "cultural triumph" for popular opera.

After a couple of nights' performance, the whole thing was thrown out bag and baggage by the Government, with a scathing denunciation in *Izvestiya*, which held that Prince Vladimir and his warriors were part of Russia's former glories, and that to ridicule them was to lessen the morale of the Russian people. As in all Soviet somersaults, one is left to speculate what is the ultimate motive behind the whole affair. The simplest explanation is that the Stalin regime finds that patriotism pays. It is impossible to exact the terrific sacrifices from the people that are necessary to keep the present military regime in existence unless these are aided by enthusiasm over the nation's glories: exactly what the Fascists and Nazis are aware of.

Moreover, Moscow undoubtedly would find it highly embarrassing for the united front abroad at the present moment to be seen staging at home a provocative anti-religious demonstration.

In any case, were he capable thereof, it would now be an excellent opportunity for Damyan to do a little thinking on the lines of Wolsey. Adroitly in his later jingles—with buttery bits to the "giant greatness of Stalin" thrown in—he glorifies no longer the paroxysms of the world proletariat but the "bright face of the Russian people." He tried to prove to them on November 7, but a few days before his catastrophe, that the Moscow officials are their true friends, even when they make them build canals. But Moscow uses her poets like her laborers, friends only as long as they are needed.

THE PILGRIM.

IN GERMANY

DEPRESSING as is the news from Spain, the reports which reach us from Germany are almost equally dark. Germany does not echo to the sound of armies marching to battle, but in the land of the Rhine war against the Catholic Church is being hotly pressed. Oppression manifested in prison sentences and the scaffold is far less dangerous than a quiet insistent pressure which by slow and certain degrees makes impossible the religious education of the child. That is the oppression which Catholic Germany feels today, and unless it can be lifted, the extinction of the Church in the country hallowed by the labors of Saint Boniface and of Saint Peter Canisius is, humanly speaking, only a matter of time.

That is the news which has been brought us by Germans who know their country and deplore the chains which bind it. The same story is told in the brave Pastoral Letter of Cardinal Bertram, dean of the German Hierarchy, read in many of the churches on November 22. The rights of Catholics to conduct schools for their children were guaranteed by the Concordat signed with the Holy See in July, 1933. At the outset, it seemed possible to come to terms with the Hitler Government, and for some time the Catholic schools were not molested. But this peace did not last long. Through the various youth organizations, terms that could not possibly be observed were imposed upon Catholic schools.

Worse, it soon became apparent that while the Church was not to be permitted to teach the child Christianity, State officials were free to teach him paganism. All appeals for the enforcement of the Concordat have been in vain, and the campaign against the Catholic school, at times disavowed by the Government but always secretly supported by it, has gone unchecked. The Church has earnestly striven to avoid a break with the Government, but it would appear that patience is fast ceasing to be a virtue. In many places, writes Cardinal Bertram, "efforts are now being made to discredit with children the Faith of their fathers, and thereby to sever them from Christ and His Church." Remonstrance has been in vain. "All attempts through written communications to relieve the Faithful from the pressure to which their consciences have been subjected have failed," writes the Cardinal. "The hour has now come to turn to the public."

It is all but certain that the skies will grow darker before religious liberty dawns in Nazi Germany. Hitler is apparently committed to a policy of persecution from which he could not now withdraw even if he wished to retreat. Conflict will inevitably follow. Yet not for a moment do we look for the extinction of the Church in Germany. The prayers of her Saints, martyrs, confessors and virgins, will plead for stricken Germany before the throne of God, and the Catholics of Germany will unite to fight under the leadership of the Hierarchy the battle for the Cross of Jesus Christ, and to conquer.

EDITOR

OUR PATRONESS

NEXT Tuesday, the whole Catholic world celebrates the Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception. Mary is the Mother of all Christians; indeed, she takes under the mantle of her motherly protection all the sons and daughters of men; but she bears a special relation to us Americans. By the authority of the Vicar of Christ, she has been chosen, under the title of her Immaculate Conception, Patroness of the United States. May she bless our country, and all our fellow-citizens, and, inspired by her sinlessness, may all of us seek to be more like her and her Son.

INTERVENTION IN

DURING his visit to South America, the President may find time to turn his thoughts to a nation nearer our borders. No doubt it is sane and Christian to promote what the President has repeatedly styled "the good-neighbor policy," but when a neighbor's conduct over a long term of years shows that its chief activities are murder, rapine, and the destruction of religious and political freedom, it may be well to recall that nations as well as men are judged by the company they keep.

Now, as the Archbishop of Cincinnati has written in a letter to his clergy on November 11, we have at our door a Government that is carrying on a brutal persecution of the Catholic Church. Catholic schools and churches have been closed, and in some cases destroyed, and so-called "laws" prohibiting seminaries and restricting the number of the clergy have made it impossible for thousands of Catholic citizens to attend Mass, receive the Sacraments, and to live the normal religious life of Catholics. The obvious purpose of these measures, and especially of the anti-religious programs prescribed in the public schools, is to destroy Christianity in Mexico, and all civilization based upon Christianity. Yet this is the Government which for years the American Government has recognized, and toward which it has carried the "good-neighbor policy" to grotesque extremes. In the words of Archbishop McNicholas, we have in Mexico "a Government that is directed by the philosophy of Marx, a philosophy which has as its program the utter destruction of the

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

CHRISTMAS stockings are out of date, for modern homes have no hearthstones, and children, we regret to note, commonly wear socks. But Christmas giving is never out of date. As an object of your Christmas benevolence, we suggest some local charity, a hospital, an orphanage, a school; or some needy family. All have felt the economic depression far more keenly than you can realize. We confess to a certain delicacy in naming this Review as a beneficiary, but perhaps it will be in order to hint that a subscription for a friend will bring him your Christmas gift fifty-two times next year.

ION IN MEXICO

Church and exiling of God from the lives of individuals and nations; a Government which has been continued in power in large measure by the protection of the United States, especially by the embargo on arms which allows the sale of ammunition only to the tyrants who are determined to destroy the Catholic Church."

If the American Government has made a single protest against the infamy which has misruled Mexico for more than a decade, its action has been under cover of night, and has certainly been pitifully ineffective. Whether any protest or representation of any kind has been made, we do not know. We merely know that this Administration, like two of its predecessors, has gone out of its way to support radicalism in Mexico.

What is the hold that the persecutors of the Mexican people and of the Catholic Church in Mexico have on the Government of the United States? Has it been forged by some financial interest? Is it exercised simply because the Administration is unwilling or unable to perceive that we have at our very gates a Government which fairly outdoes the atrocities of the Soviets?

These questions can be answered only by the responsible officials of this Government. They should be answered at once, for we have waited upon their good pleasure long enough. We ask no armed intervention in Mexico. What we demand is that our armed intervention in Mexico be brought to an immediate close.

COMMUNISM IN THE SCHOOLS

TWO weeks ago, a judge in the Supreme Court in the city of New York ruled that there was no legal reason why a Communist should be barred from teaching in the public schools. Stated more closely, he held that a license to teach could not be denied by the board of education because of the applicant's political or economic beliefs, or her expression of them. Even as stated, the principle on which the decision was based can be accepted only with distinctions and reservations; but there is more in this case than appears at first sight.

The local board of education had refused, it would appear, to grant a license to the applicant, and had based its refusal on three grounds. First, the applicant's college had declined to recommend her; second, she held and advocated while at college, and since that time, Communistic principles and views; and third, on taking the written examination she had falsely answered under oath a questionnaire submitted by the board. It seemed to the board that since the applicant had been something of a storm center at college because of her advocacy of Communism, she would probably bring this same temper into the classroom. The court held, however, that the first and second grounds were insufficient, but ruled further that no order to grant the license sought would be issued until the applicant had exhausted the ordinary remedies by pleading the case before the local board of education and the State Commissioner of Education.

Now on the face of the matter it would appear to be fit and proper that no one should be barred from holding a public office on the ground of his political or economic beliefs. But the case cannot be solved so easily, since much depends upon the content of these beliefs, and the manner in which they are publicly advocated. No man can be punished for believing that the Government of the United States should be overthrown by force and violence, or that the only solution of our many economic problems is to be found in confiscating all private property, after the owners have been shot down. The law does not concern itself with private opinions and beliefs. But when there is question of the public expression and advocacy of these beliefs, the case assumes an entirely different aspect. The right to free speech does not and cannot possibly take precedence of the right of a justly-established government to protect its own existence, or of the right of every citizen to be protected in the possession of his life and property. Hence, in our opinion, the New York judge was clearly in error in affirming the principle that the legal right to hold an opinion, protected the individual should he choose to advocate that opinion publicly.

But this, and the many similar cases which will surely arise in the coming years, should not be adjudicated on purely legal principles. The effect upon society of the influence of a Communist as head of the city's scavengers, differs from that of a Communist as a teacher in the public schools.

The scavenger's underlings might know little of their superior's anti-social creed, and would receive his advocacy of it with stolidity or amusement. But the mind of the child is as wax, pliant in the hand of the teacher—and the hand of the teacher is directed, unconsciously as well as consciously, by his private beliefs. For this reason, good judgment, sanity, and high moral character have always, or at least up to the present, been demanded of the teacher of children. As long as this was a Christian country, it was fairly easy to procure teachers who satisfied these requirements. At the present time it is not so easy, and it would appear that in the effort to obtain such teachers, the school authorities cannot rely with confidence on the aid of the courts.

To recur to the present case, even conceding that the applicant is truthful in stating that she rejects violence as a remedy for our social and economic evils, the inquiry cannot be dropped. The applicant not only admits but asserts that she is a Communist, and the very heart of the Communistic creed is hatred of Almighty God. Therefore, if our boards of education cannot exclude Communists from the classrooms of the public school, they cannot exclude atheists, or any group of men and women who by indirection, if not by set purpose, inoculate the child with their anti-religious opinions, and implant in his mind suspicion, distrust, and hatred of a civilization that is based upon Christian principles.

It is difficult to see how this conclusion cannot be refuted. Men and women who hate God and His law can be put in charge of our public-school children, to leaven them with their own irreligious views. The attempt to make our public schools neutral has failed, and as Pius XI has written, in practice, it must always fail. How long do we, presumably a Christian people, propose to tolerate these public teachers of doctrines which attack Church and State alike?

OVER FORTY

THAT unemployed men and women over forty will never again find employment is a statement that appears to be taken for granted. We were glad to note that last month President Roosevelt questioned it seriously.

But this policy of "no work for men over forty" is not new. It was adopted a number of years ago by one of our largest corporations which always found some reason for dropping the worker who had attained his fortieth year. Generally he was replaced by an employe who was paid a smaller wage. The whole plan was a perfect mirroring of the inhuman philosophy to which some employers still cling. In our larger cities, it still affects thousands of "white-collar" workers dropped four or five years ago, and replaced by younger people who accept a lower wage, because they can obtain nothing better.

We hope that no Catholic employer will be guilty of the crime of dropping an employe, merely be-

cause he is forty years of age, for a replacement at lower wage. We call it a crime because at forty the average worker has a young family, and needs employment more than at any previous time. To deprive him of work is a sin both against a guiltless wife and children, and against society which must now support them.

ABOUNDING IN HOPE

IT is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles that on one of his journeys Saint Paul came to Ephesus where he found "certain disciples." Not sure, it would appear, of the quality or extent of the instruction which they had received, the Apostle asked them: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" With a candor that bared the simplicity of their souls they promptly answered: "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." The human-hearted Saint may have taken this disarming answer with a smile, but we know that he tarried with them long enough to instruct them fully and to baptize them in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Were Saint Paul to come to any of our large cities today, and ask the first man he met a question based on his Epistle to the Romans, read at the Mass tomorrow: "Do you abound in hope?" he would probably hear an echo of the answer given him long ago at Ephesus. One might reply that he saw little reason for hoping that the times were growing better, and another might tell him that hope flamed high after the elections on November 3. Very few, it is probable, would know what Saint Paul meant by the question. Our Catholic people know what faith is, and they have heard sermons without end on charity, but few seem to understand that the third of the theological virtues, necessary to salvation, is hope.

Of course, when we refresh our memories by a glance at the catechism we recall that hope is styled a theological virtue because, like faith and charity, its immediate object is God, and because, again like them, it is infused into our souls by God alone at Holy Baptism. We remember, further, that hope is a Divine virtue by which we confidently expect, with God's help, to attain eternal happiness, and to have at our disposal the means of securing it. With our memories thus refreshed, we may now ask ourselves what part this virtue plays in our lives. Are there times of depression, spiritual and physical, when Heaven seems far away, and prayer and all good works are as dust in our mouth? Or do we often turn to the other extreme and, instead of hoping, presume?

The good Christian who tries to square his life with his belief exercises implicitly the virtue of hope. Yet in these dark days (and to all of us some days are dark) we can draw upon a great reservoir of strength, sweetness and light by explicit acts of hope. Hope will give us courage and patience in our trials, and keep us close to God until that day when we put away the pilgrim's staff to rest forever in the peace of our Father's house.

CHRONICLE

DECISIONS RENDERED. The Supreme Court divided four to four on the New York Unemployment Insurance Law. The ruling, therefore, of the New York Court of Appeals was affirmed, and the law was considered constitutional. Though the New York law providing for workers' insurance during unemployment has no connection with Federal insurance plans, the Supreme Court decision rendered favorable the outlook for the declaration of constitutionality of the Social Security Act when that receives its Supreme Court test. . . . The arguments before the Supreme Court on the Embargo case were closed on November 19. The question is: how much power may Congress grant to the President in placing an embargo on arms' shipment to warring powers or factions. The specific case involves the Presidential action in forbidding shipments of munitions during the Bolivia-Paraguay War. Decision on this case will be vitally important for the future on issues involving neutrality and peace efforts. . . . Joseph E. Davies, of Wisconsin, wealthy corporation and international lawyer, took the oath of office as Ambassador to Soviet Russia on November 23. Mr. Davies' appointment, sooner than expected, indicates the Government feels that Russian relations now need delicate handling.

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LABOR CONVENTION. In the Green vs. Lewis struggle, the delegates to the American Federation of Labor Convention, meeting at Tampa, Fla., voted 21,679 to 2,043 for President Green's resolution. The ten unions suspended by the Executive Council previously, under the command of John L. Lewis and united to the Committee for Industrial Organization, were not present. They represented 11,000 votes; the Lewis total, therefore, would be 13,043. . . . Preliminary skirmishings between the two parties were frequent during the first ten Convention days. The Federation idea of craft organization of unions was consistently upheld; the proponents of the C.I.O. industrial organization, however, fought for the Lewis plan. Finally, on November 23, the Resolutions Committee presented its report; it upheld the decision of the A. F. of L. Executive Committee in suspending the ten unions affiliated with Lewis in the C.I.O. President Green and the Report stated that the issue was not between craft and industrial organization; both might be admitted by the A. F. of L. The issue was that of rebellion on the part of the Lewis unions, and that of setting up a dual and rival labor federation. . . . Thus, the ten Lewis unions remain suspended from the A. F. of L. But the door remains open for further peace negotiations: a special committee was appointed to discuss a basis of settlement with the C.I.O. unions; the Executive Council was empowered to call a special Convention of the A. F. of L.

SEAMEN'S STRIKE. Another appeal from civic and business groups on the West Coast was made to President Roosevelt asking intervention. The Pacific strike had then continued twenty-three days. Neither ship-owners nor the labor leaders budged, even slightly. Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, submitted another new plan. . . . On the East and South Coasts the owners and the International Seamen's Union declared that the "outlaw" strike directed by Joseph Curran had failed. Mr. Curran declared the strike would continue; he won support of two new unions, Masters, Mates and Pilots, and Marine Engineers. . . . The Tampa Convention of the A. F. of L. approved the action of the Seamen's Union in not striking in sympathy with the West Coast unions, and condemned the Curran strike as being "aided and abetted by Communists."

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WAR-TORN MADRID. The week witnessed no very great shifts in the embattled lines in and around Madrid. . . . Insurgents pushed the Marxist army back across the Manzanares River in the Casa de Campo section. . . . In University City, within the city limits, fierce fighting continued. Leftists from balconies, rooftops, poured machine-gun fire into the attacking columns. Near the Segovia bridge a church filled with Leftists spat fire. Over the church flew the Anarchist flag. . . . Bullets whistled down the streets; sirens shrieked the approach of the metal birds droning above. . . . 1,000-pound shells roared through the air from the heavy guns. . . . Shattered glass, twisted automobile wrecks cluttered the streets. . . . Apartment houses were ripped in two. . . . Great holes gaped in the pavements. . . . A reporter on the spot said Madrid "is the biggest experiment Communism has ever raised in the West." . . . Moscow posters cover walls everywhere; cinemas produce Communist films. . . . The Bank of Spain was emptied by the Leftists; even the private deposit boxes were opened, contents removed. . . . The evacuation of non-combatants began. . . . The roads were filled with trucks and taxis taking women, children, old men away from the shells and bombs. . . . The Leftist Air Ministry claimed a foreign submarine fired a torpedo at the cruiser Miguel de Cervantes. London naval circles thought the ship had struck a mine. . . . To save American lives, Washington instructed Eric C. Wendelin, third secretary in charge at Madrid to close the Embassy. . . . The Madrid Government raided and closed the Italian and German embassies which had been officially closed. . . . Russians, Frenchmen and other nationalities poured into Madrid to aid the Leftists. . . . The Reds were being strengthened in all forms of equipment. . . . A large group of Americans left Madrid with the Embassy staff, drove to Valencia.

RUSSIAN CONSTITUTION. The Congress of Soviets gathered in the Kremlin Palace. They saw Joseph Stalin rising to address them; heard his heavy Georgian accents outlining the new Russian Constitution. The Congress adopted the new "Stalin" Constitution; then passed out of existence. . . . A bicameral parliamentary body is set up. . . . The Council of the Union will be elected by secret ballot. . . . The Supreme Council of the USSR chosen by the various republics. . . . The latter, on paper, will be the supreme organ of political power. . . . The text of the new constitution contains a bill of rights for all citizens; guarantees religious freedom but forbids religious teaching, makes provision for atheistic propaganda. . . . It guarantees freedom of speech, of press, of assembly; confirms citizens in ownership of personal property, but the State is to own the land and means of production. . . . Informed observers believe the new constitution is designed for propaganda purposes in the world outside Russia. . . . With it, Communist agitators will be enabled to dupe millions into believing that a form of democracy has been set up in Russia. . . . Inside Russia, the same iron dictatorship will continue. . . . The free speech, the freedom of the press will be the freedom to speak along lines of Communist ideology. . . . The people will vote for candidates picked out for them by Stalin. . . . Only one party, the Communist, is allowed in Russia. It will continue to govern the country and Stalin it.

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GERMAN PRELATE APPEALS. Johannes Cardinal Bertram, of Breslau, issued a pastoral appealing to the people to aid the Church in her life-and-death struggle in modern Germany. . . . "All attempts through written petitions to relieve the faithful . . . have failed. The hour now has come to turn to the public." . . . Emil I. Stickling, a German citizen, and eight Russian co-defendants, were condemned to death for alleged sabotage in Siberian mines. . . . The trial and sentence roused the German press to an unexampled height of fury. . . . Stickling's confession was obtained, Germany charged, by the usual Soviet methods. . . . Stickling's death-sentence was commuted by Russia to ten years imprisonment under strong diplomatic pressure. . . . A Russian engineer, Peschachonoff, who has figured as defendant in other similar trials, was just a Moscow "stooge" Berlin felt. . . . Conversations between Dr. Guido Schmidt, Austrian Foreign Minister, and Berlin authorities, were said to have furthered agreement between the two nations. . . . The award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Carl von Ossietzky, was regarded by Berlin as a slap in its official face. . . . Ossietzky was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for treason by the German Republic before Hitler's rise to power. . . . An official communiqué was issued in Berlin: "The award of the Nobel Prize to a notorious traitor is such a brazen challenge and insult to the new Germany that it will be followed by an appropriate unequivocal answer." . . . Ossietzky was sentenced on November 23, 1931. Hindenburg refused to pardon him.

ENGLAND'S SPANISH WORRIES. Foreign Secretary Eden informed Parliament that Britain would protect British shipping from interference from either party engaged in the Spanish Civil War. . . . Britain was not yet ready to accord the Insurgents the status of belligerents, which would give them the right to search British ships outside the three-mile limit. . . . Neither was England prepared to give that status to the Madrid Government. . . . General Franco charged that Russian ships filled with guns for the Spanish Leftists were flying the British flag. . . . To remove all confusion, England commenced preparation of laws making it illegal for any British ship to carry munitions to either side of the Spanish conflict. . . . The London Government appeared convinced that aid extended by Russia to Madrid exceeded anything given by Italy, Germany and Portugal to the Insurgents. . . . Soviet technical experts, military advisers, air pilots, propagandists were said to be pouring into Barcelona by rail and boat. . . . England, two years behind in her rearmament program, was resolved to avoid contacts with the present Spanish powder-keg.

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SALENGRO FUNERAL. Roger Salengro, former Mayor of Lille, Minister of the Interior in the Blum Cabinet, was buried in Lille. Vast throngs invaded the city to do him honor. Monster Left demonstrations were staged in Paris, while Salengro's body was being borne to the grave in the North, the throngs raising their fists in the Communist salute, singing the "Internationale," shouting "Airplanes for Spain." . . . Premier Blum announced legislation to curb the press, provide heavy penalties for calumnies. . . . Salengro had committed suicide. He had been accused of deserting to the enemy during the World War. . . . Twenty-one years ago, he crawled over the top, was taken prisoner by the Germans. . . . He said he had an agreement with his friend lying dead in No-Man's land. By it he was bound to get the dead man's papers, personal belongings, send them to his family. . . . Opponents charged he climbed over the top to seek the safety of a prison camp. . . . Cleared of the charge by a court-martial, he was, nevertheless, still subjected to the campaign of accusation. . . . Only one man really knew which story was true. . . . Salengro.

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FOOTNOTES. The Spanish Ambassador to the United States, Fernando de los Rios, speaking at Tampa, declared victory of the Insurgents would mean domination of South America by Germany and Italy. The *New York Times* thought his remarks "come near being a diplomatic impropriety . . . it is not for him to say what the policy of our Government ought to be or to tell us what will happen to us if his advice is not followed." . . . Field guns, machine guns, rifles, cartridges, other war materials were being loaded on ships in Mexican ports for the Spanish Marxists. . . . Angered by the German-Japanese pact, which she believes masks a military alliance, Russia refused to renew the concession allowing Japan to fish in Siberian waters.

CORRESPONDENCE

ALL PATRIOTS

EDITOR: For some time I've been in doubt as to the political preferences of AMERICA. My doubts have been resolved by your editorial, *Opposition Needed*, in which you say:

Large majorities tend to develop internal splits, and the country may congratulate itself if this political phenomenon arises in Congress next winter. Meanwhile the sixteen million citizens who on patriotic grounds voted the Republican ticket should consider how they may best aid the nation's welfare.

This puts the writer in the embarrassing position of having voted with the twenty-three million who in your opinion approached the polls minus the patriotic motive.

And may I make a brief comment on your remarks on the President's speech on October 31. It will no doubt be difficult for those occupying editors' chairs to realize it. But it is true, nevertheless, that the brave words of the President were magnificently heartening to hundreds of thousands of eager listeners. There were no "cold chills running down their back."

San Francisco, Calif.

JAMES KERAN

(AMERICA: *politically non-partisan*. EDITOR)

LEAKAGE

EDITOR: I was most interested in the letter from the Worried Pastor. I am in charge myself of a parish in the West and had the same experience. I took charge in 1927. I do not give the full details, but I assure the Worried Pastor that the case here was worse than he could dream of. Only twenty per cent practised any religion. There was not a single child in need of catechism for first communion—none had been born for years. As a matter of fact I had to protect the life of an unborn one in order to insure the first baptism.

Now the birth rate is over fifty per 1,000. Only two families do not practise and there is hope for one of them. I had several conversions to the Faith and many adult baptisms. Much more is needed, though, to make of my parish a decent one.

For the last eight years every marriage has been a happy one. I keep in touch with each and by now I am sure that they will be a permanent success.

As I see it, this is the result of my insistence on catechism. They had no children; well, they had to come instead themselves. Some have a notion that children alone need catechism. I changed all that; the parents come to catechism; they in turn teach it to their children. And I see to it that they do it right. I am not a poor substitute for parents. I am simply the pastor, and the parents must, and do, act as parents.

The reason why people did not come to Mass was

that they did not know what it was all about. Mass was explained during the Mass—no historical frills, but the very essence. The rosary was explained, each mystery on a different Sunday. They were taught how to meditate, were made to do so in church. Then each night one explained the mystery and all present recited one decade and meditated.

For six years I allowed no burning of votive candles; for some, these are "the law and the prophets." With me, the ten commandments, frills later.

With these I expect my parish to be ready for a mission in one or two years.

Canada

SYMPATHISING PASTOR

EDITOR: The advice of an old pastor to a "Worried Pastor" is: Do not worry. Judging from your investigations and lamentations there is no cause for worry. You are doing your best. Leave the rest to God. When Our Lord was here among men, notwithstanding His wonderful words and works he did not convert everyone. Many, on account of their evil deeds and grasping avarice, left Him or remained away from him.

Sometimes it is the class of people one has to deal with and their surroundings that makes it difficult to make an impression upon them. Once the writer had a parish consisting of poor, hardworking, laboring people. Few of them missed Mass on Sunday, few entered mixed marriages and the evils of birth control were unknown. In another parish of more prosperous people—professional men, business men and tradesmen, the evils of birth control, mixed marriages and indifference were more prevalent, but not to the extent in your parish.

This is, perhaps, due to the fact that yours is a larger parish. In a very large parish the pastor does not know his people. Not knowing them, many will take advantage and become lax or indifferent.

If your parish is too large (which seems to be the case, since you do not have to ask for money), would it be well to ask for a division? In a small parish a pastor knows his people, must occasionally ask for money, and people appreciate what they pay for.

Do not worry. Christ is pleased with your zeal and your grand battle for the religious education of your children.

Illinois

SENEX

EDITOR: It may help the Worried Pastor, whose article appears in a recent issue (AMERICA, November 14), to make an intensive study of the Legion of Mary and to establish that and also the devotion in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in his parish.

I trust that this suggestion from a layman will not be considered presumptuous.

Denver, Colo.

E. T. GUILFORD

HARVARD DENIES

EDITOR: May I express my bewilderment at the article referring to the Harvard Tercentenary Celebration? I could refer you to any number of Catholics who, while doubtless making their own reservations as to the adequacy of any ceremonies held under non-Catholic auspices, did not fail to note the predominantly spiritual tone of the exercises. I enclose copies of the program of the Service of Thanksgiving and Remembrance. The sixth and seventh pages will show you the predominantly religious character of the exercises. All of the music was religious, in which statement I should include the bells of Southwark Cathedral, the ringing of which, transmitted by radio and clearly heard by all who were present, was to me one of the most beautiful features of the whole celebration. The medallion given to each of 579 delegates quotes on the reverse Governor Bradford's pious acknowledgment of Divine authorship. Had you heard the assemblage of 16,000 persons singing the Ninetieth Psalm, *O God our help in ages past*, you would have felt, I am sure, that all barriers between persons of different faiths had for the moment disappeared.

Cambridge, Mass.

JEROME D. GREENE

EDITOR: I find that the article by Paul L. Blakeley (October 3) has troubled somewhat those who were responsible for the ceremonies of the Harvard Tercentenary Celebration. In the papers presented as parts of the various conferences, God and the Christian religion were to the fore wherever the subject matter made it possible to deal with religious feelings and convictions. It devolved upon me to preside over the conference concerned with the Middle Ages. Two of the four papers that constituted it gave an opportunity for the expression of religious ideas, and one of these, offered by the venerable Henry Osborn Taylor, a Protestant, might have been delivered by one of our Catholic clergyman from a pulpit or a professorial chair. The other, by my intimate friend, Professor Joseph Bédier, the head of the Collège de France at Paris was redolent of Catholicism.

Cambridge, Mass.

J. D. M. FORD

QUOTES FINISHED

EDITOR: May I repeat G.M.K.'s quotation from Father Barron's *Elements of Epistemology*? "It goes without saying that the mark of a critical mind is delay and suspense pending inquiry and investigation. This is the essence of critical thinking."

"That," G. M. K. says, "sums up the approved approach to speculative thought." He affirms that the delay and suspense principle, which the clergy learns in its seminaries, is to blame for quibbling, empty pamphlet racks, and lack of preaching on social justice.

Another stuffy theoretical principle which our seminaries teach is to consider everything in its context. The context of G. M. K.'s citation seems to

destroy his linking of seminary training with merely speculative quibbling. For Father Barron's very next statements bear out the true meaning and application of his words—at least they did to us when we studied him. "Certain assent," he writes, "should be given only when the evidence deserves it." Undoubtedly G. M. K. knows, for we assume that he read the entire book, that epistemology supplies us with norms for testing the truth of all knowledge. So in his last chapters, in summarizing the causes of error, Father Barron admonishes us to weigh carefully all judgments, "delay and suspend." This, so as to avoid the modern fallacies which directly oppose the attainment of true knowledge. He deplores the "school thinker" for whom truth is what squares with the views of his associates . . . "who seeks to maintain a view rather than to ascertain a truth." He loathes the "amount of error due to the appalling sheep-like tendency of the human mind . . . the unquestioning adherence to any doctrine provided that it is found in a book."

The St. Paul Seminary is no more than typical. After its students are well versed in epistemology, sociology, justice, and rights, they are encouraged to prove the worth of their theoretical knowledge by practical application. For this they have a number of very busy round tables on present-day social problems. The local chapter of the Third Order of St. Francis sponsors four such active groups. Those who are not Tertiaries belong to one of two other progressive study clubs.

Is this G. M. K.'s idea of clerical chicanery? Or will he admit that perhaps seminaries are adapting themselves to the needs of the time?

St. Paul, Minn.

SEMINARIAN

WE CAN'T

EDITOR: You editorially eulogize the Constitution, and rightly so. But I am not so enamored of States' Rights and the *status quo* as not to advocate its amendment in order to empower the Federal Government to extort a living wage for the working man and his family. You *can't eat* the Constitution! If a living wage is unconstitutional, then the Constitution should be amended. Unless we Catholics advocate legislation in favor of the working class, their conscious or unconscious support will be won by the lying promises of Communism, and the Christian manifesto, *Quadragesimo Anno*, is merely a scrap of paper.

Baltimore, Md.

F. X. BURNS

NOTED

EDITOR: Permit me to thank you for that splendid article in AMERICA (October 24) entitled *A Gentle Plea for Doctors of Philosophy*. F. X. Connolly has encouraged many by his sane attitude on the entire question. You deserve great praise for the solid, interesting, and timely matter which you are selecting.

Natchez, Miss.

GEOFFREY O'CONNELL

LITERATURE AND ARTS

PROGRESS

WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

The wind of God's promise
Has blown the seedful multitudes,
All races, all peoples,
From the boughs of the dying world
To the fresh soil of the West.

Out of the East,
The dawn of immemorial wisdom,
A wind blew three and thirty days.
It bore Columbus and his crucifix,
Columbus and his men of Christ,
Chanting the *Salve Regina*
As the sun fled from the loneliness
Of the Sargasso Sea.

Columbus, man of faith,
Servant of the Blessed Trinity,
Christopher the Christ-Bearer
(That was his favorite name for himself)
Followed the torch of the day
To the hospitable doors of that predestined dusk
That prophets dreamed of
And all the empires sought—
The consummation of the age of Christ,
The Christ that every age had crucified,
Not knowing half it did.

We are the West, then,
Children of *Ultima Thule*.
What is there left to do,
Where is there left to go,
What is there left to see,
Now that the circuit of space and time
Has closed upon itself?
We must go on and on, men say,
And never back. We must have progress.
Well, they are right, we must never go back,
Not back to the moribund East
Where cruelty is lust, and lust is hate,
And Self is worshipped in a husk of clay
Smoked over with incense of vanity.
Never can free men go back to the time when
Christ,

Son of the living God,
Was but a promise to this world.
There is a Sign here by the gates of doom
That says, "Pass not,
Except to fall forever.
Here climb, and stretch your hands out for the
nails
That rend the curtains of Heaven;
But crawl not past."

No, we shall never go back,
Annas and Caiphas! Marcion, Arius,
Manichees, Calvin, Luther and Marx,
Your faces were fixed on the past,
On a locked garden,
A flaming sword,
A fallen serpent.
You are so far behind us now
We scarcely hear your voices,
Men of the East, of the past.

We must go on.
We cannot find rest on the beds of briar
Your ingenuity heaped on the flowered earth;
Nor laying bricks on bricks, linked steel to steel,
Outbabel Babel.
What can we do else,
Fed as we are on the living Bread from Heaven,
But build here with the word of Christ
A spiritual house
Reaching infinitely up to meet the embrace
Of the City of God descending in love upon us;
And so, having filled the measure of Christ's Pas-
sion,
Go on and on forever in His glory?

Ah, this is progress,
This is the thing you speak and do not know;
Life without retrogression,
Life without decay,
Life in the heart of Life itself,
Where no road has an ending,
Nor any path turns back.

BOOKS

A MIRROR AT THE VATICAN

A PAPAL CHAMBERLAIN. *The Personal Memoirs of Francis Augustus MacNutt. Edited by Rev. John J. Donovan. Longmans, Green and Co. \$3.50*

APTLY said the lecturer, John L. Stoddard, of the author of these personal memoirs, which enjoy the double distinction of introductions by His Eminence Cardinal Hayes and the late G. K. Chesterton: "All Americans were born under the Stars and Stripes, but MacNutt under the stars, the rest of us under the stripes."

One of these stars, in Mr. MacNutt's case, was the gift of the Faith, which he received in his childhood much in the way that Johannes Jørgensen says the old Vikings received it, as something you pick up, like a sword or a stone. "I never had to learn or make a conscious profession of faith," he writes of his childhood's intuition, gained in wholly Protestant surroundings. The other star was the supreme faculty for getting to know every sort of distinguished person in Church and State, knowing the very best of the distinguished people, making them happy and keeping their friendship.

Since he had some means of his own and had the good sense to marry, in later years, that irreproachable, very sensible and quite well-to-do lady, Miss Maggie Ogden, one of the Newport, R. I., Ogden sisters, who also embraced the Faith, he was able to fill a position in Rome as a Papal Chamberlain which no other American layman before or since has ever quite enjoyed. He was the intimate of three Popes, and his palazzo was frequented by every great and lesser light that shone during their reigns: cardinals, prelates, kings, dukes, ambassadors: every band in the social spectrum.

A third star in MacNutt's private constellation was the blessing of excellent advice that he sought and obtained from prelates and statesmen at every stage of his career, and which he had the wisdom to profit by. His ace in this regard was the counsel given him by Pope Leo XIII to pursue no further his studies in the Academy for Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome, in view of his own doubts as to a vocation. The noble part came easily enough for him, but he was cut out to be with the ecclesiastics, not of them. Due to this gift for taking of wise counsel, he succeeded in guiding himself and others tactfully through the tangle of Roman social life created by the division between the Blacks, loyal to the Holy See, and the Whites, partisans of the new regime, during all the weary years of the unsettled Roman Question.

Much to his credit is the generous tribute he pays in this sparkling narrative to his lifelong friend and mentor, Baron Ernst Schönberg whose wife, born Elizabeth Ward, of Boston, lived up to the charity implied in her name. In the dark days of which Mr. MacNutt says little, those days when he was exiled to Schloss Ratzötz in South Tyrol from Rome, crushed to earth by intolerable misunderstandings, it was the Schönbergs who remained ever faithful to him and his courageous wife.

Discussing the situation at near-by Schloss Pallaus a few days after this tragic event, the Schönbergs remarked to me that MacNutt's misfortune—his *unlucky* star—was his curious inability to make friends with the humbler folk, such, for instance, as carried many a rumor and made or marred many a career at the Vatican and in its vicinity. Not that MacNutt was haughty or unkind. He was a good, humble man at heart. But he forgot, and it is not always wise to forget.

In spite of the many doors thrown open to him, as to young Henry Adams, MacNutt's excursions into American diplomatic life were rather an accident, not a main

current of his life. As he himself relates, he was not *persona grata* with Theodore Roosevelt, who bawled him out (*in absentia*) on one occasion. Indeed, there was a striking contrast between T. R.'s ability to make other people reflect him, regardless of surroundings, and MacNutt's peculiar talent to reflect all that went on around him: observing, entertaining, delighting, and edifying, yet for his own part dependent on a certain amount of setting and not leaving any very dominant impression as to his own personality. One recalls MacNutt more as a conversation than as a man.

But how he did succeed in picturing things! Thanks to his own indefatigable memoirs, the stories are rescued for readers which he used to regale at Ratzötz: such as the tales of the inimitable Father Kenelm Vaughan, apostle of the Prophet Jeremias and repairer of desecrated temples, who would turn up in the Tyrol minus everything but the clothes on his back, a Breviary, a Spanish New Testament, and the abundant grace of God. Thanks, too, for the setting right of countless misconceptions of ecclesiastical Rome and Roman life. For MacNutt had not only the faculty of knowing people but also of knowing just what they signified.

Perfect in literary style, good sense, and appreciation of humor are the glimpses of Pope Leo XIII, dryly reminding the assembled Cardinals that they had come for a Consistory and not for a Conclave; the very human members of the Austrian Imperial family; the incredible Abbé Fischer of Mexico; Secretary Blaine and his pugnacious anti-Catholic cousin, Abigail Dodge; Cardinal Manning at Colonel Cody's Wild West show; Hall Caine looking for atmosphere; the funeral of Franz Joseph; Queen Victoria's private snooping at the Grande Chartreuse; Pope Benedict XV in his two phases of formality and cordiality; and a host of others. With all of this, much intelligent information is conveyed on the Church.

With all his glamoring, MacNutt was a deeply spiritual man. It was the inner shrine of Catholicism, not the outward glitter, to use his own comparison, that claimed his allegiance. He was intensely loyal to God, Church, and the country of his birth as well as the country of his adoption. He was not perfect, but who is? The Rev. John J. Donovan, of Dunwoodie Seminary, who has edited these memoirs with the greatest skill and taste, deserves lasting gratitude for his laborious task. He has given us one of the most instructive as well as one of the most enjoyable books of our time.

JOHN LAFARGE

COUSINS GERMAN

THE KAISER AND ENGLISH RELATIONS. E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green and Co. \$3.50

THIS is a psychological analysis of the career of the ex-emperor of Germany by a popular biographer who has already written lives of Queen Victoria and Edward VII. Assuming that the Kaiser's withered arm had a deep psychic effect, that idea is projected into every incident of his life, is made the basis of comment. The Kaiser, we are assured, was not in any degree mentally deranged despite his moods and outbursts, or his fluctuations between exaltation and abject terror. The root cause of all his trouble was the inferiority complex, growing out of the consciousness that his arm made him inferior to others. This complex drove him to seek refuge in a colossal pride which urged him on occasion to proclaim his omnipotence and his sacredness as the instrument of the Most High; it accounts for his egotism, arrogance, indiscretion in speech and action, even

his puerile delight in praise; it was the root of his "oblique approach" to, political question, and of his *idées fixe* that statesmen and nations were forever plotting the encirclement of Germany. On the whole it is a sad, and at times a pathetic, picture that the author paints—that of a man out of place, of one in a position much beyond his capacity.

When Victoria reigned she exercised a restraining influence on her grandson, for, with the wisdom of years she could ignore his whims and decelts, and she poured out much motherly advice with good effect, because the Kaiser not only respected her but he was anxious that she think well of him, and he loved her too. But when Edward came to the throne the situation changed. Since a smoldering feud between him and his nephew was of long standing, they were usually at loggerheads. Edward may really have desired to be on good terms with Germany but he detested his nephew whose social and political indiscretions he made no effort to forget. He thus contributed not a little to the personal hostility between the sovereigns of two mighty but rival states. This was unfortunate, for if the day was past when the cordial relations of sovereigns had marked effect on their respective nations, the lack of friendly relations could be harmful; and so it proved to be.

In seeking an alliance with England the Kaiser acted sincerely but inconsistently because some of his speeches and actions estranged England rather than drew her close. In his patriotism likewise he was sincere. His much criticized visit to Morocco in 1905 was the work of Bülow, not his own doing—indeed it is not too much to say that in this instance the Kaiser was made the tool of a minister who saw an opportunity to humiliate France.

The value of this book as history is open to question because of the fundamental assumption. At best a psychological study is of doubtful historical value; its claim to acceptance as history is still to be substantiated. Moreover there are too many ifs and might-have-beens. The style is sprightly, the tone familiar, too familiar at times. But the book is interesting and entertaining.

CHARLES H. METZGER

GOLD IN THE HILLS

PAY DIRT. By Glenn Chesney Quiett. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$4.50

CHESTERTON was inclined to cast doubt upon the findings of historians who relied solely upon written documents, and ignored the traditions and ballads of the people. But Chesterton would find nothing to criticize in the method used by Glenn Chesney Quiett in recording the successive histories of the American gold-rushes. In *Pay Dirt* Mr. Quiett has interwoven documentary history, the ballads which the prospectors sang around the camp fires, and the reminiscences of sourdoughs from the Yukon and desert-rats from Arizona. The result is not only authentic, integrated history, but also a collection of songs and stories that have recaptured the glamor of the western mining frontier.

The story opens in 1848 with John Marshall panning a few gold-flakes near Sutter's mill in California, and closes in the present day with Jack Hammell in his white winged airplane searching the wastes of Alaska for the latest pay dirt. The scene shifts quickly from San Francisco to Pike's Peak and to British Columbia, showing the latter's orderly government and quiet efficiency in sharp contrast to the lawless, roaring frontier towns of the United States. From there it moves through Montana and Washington, up to the Yukon and Nome, down to New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California, and finally stops in North Eastern Alaska with the organized, scientific gold rush of today.

The bare history of towns and mines and gold itself is colored with the lives of men who for years have

cast a spell of rough romance about the west, Capt. Jack Crawford, Custer, De Smet, Wild Bill Hickock, Calamity Jane Canary, and Soapy Smith. It is this romance in the life and personalities of the western mining towns that the author emphasizes. The style is uneven. In one lapse the author describes the journey of a covered wagon across the plains in the banal manner of a second rate radio announcer, not omitting the advertisements. But for the greater portion of the book he uses journalese at its best, pithy, swift, and picturesque.

To the historian the book offers a lengthy bibliography and an index; to the student of science, a detailed history of the growth of scientific mining methods; and to the general reader, a colorful panorama of the glamorous American gold-rushes. PAUL L. O'CONNOR

MORE POET THAN NOVELIST

EGGS AND BAKER. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50

NEVER can it be said of the Poet Laureate of England that he has hidden his talent under a bushel. Over forty titles of verse, drama and fiction may now be catalogued under the name of John Masefield. The present novel *Eggs and Baker* is the latest addition to this imposing list.

The story is of English rural life in the middle of the last century. It centers about Robert Mansell, a baker, who is moved by religion and natural pity to crusade against the slum conditions of the country. His initial efforts are only burning letters to local liberal newspapers, but they draw criticism and resentment from his neighbors, who are his customers. He begins to lose considerable trade.

A murder in the vicinity is his undoing. The village half-wit is implicated, and standing trial with one of the real culprits, is treated, unjustly as it seems to Mansell, as a fully responsible person. The baker sits through the entire trial, and when the death sentence is passed upon the half-wit, he can no longer control his emotions. Rising to his feet in the courtroom, he shrieks charges of injustice, and pelts the judge with the two eggs he had brought for lunch. He is committed to jail for contempt. His bakeshop is boycotted, and his wife and son are forced to abandon it and move away. The net result of his honest fight for social justice is personal disaster.

Mr. Masefield's prose is pure and simple. His pen is often a sword wielded in the cause of England's poor. But the book lacks that indefinable something that is the mark of greatness. Perhaps it is the sameness with which the characters speak, whether young or old. There is no division of the story into chapters, and hence little effort at climaxes. The trial consumes a goodly portion of the book, and though the detailed questions and answers of the cross-examinations shows how the simplest facts may be tortured into sinister insinuations, nevertheless the process slows down the story. In fine, it is doubtful whether *Eggs and Baker* will add much to Mr. Masefield's secure reputation. ROBERT A. HEWITT

OLD NORTH TO THE ALAMO

OLD HISTORIC CHURCHES OF AMERICA. By Edward F. Rines. The Macmillan Company. \$6

SUBSCRIBERS to the *Virginia Quarterly* will find special appeal in this book. By that is meant that it is a good reference book with plenty of dates, names of families, pastors and other personages of interest and importance. The chronicle purports to tell of "historic

old structures whose stories had never been told and much of whose history was in danger of being lost." It covers churches of the Cavaliers, the Pilgrim country, Pennsylvania, the South, the Southwest, the West and historic places in between.

Fortunately, this book has fallen into the hands of one whose hobby is architecture and old churches. That is why the reviewer had the patience to read page by page a book which makes little pretension to literary style. The best writing by far occurs in the chapters covering the Missions of Texas and the West. It is a pity that the author did not spend more time on the architectural traditions and details of these early churches, a field that should promise much of interest.

The treatment throughout lacks a certain amount of interest to one who does not know the country which the book describes. For example, the paragraphs on the chapel at Jamestown fail to give any of the very romantic atmosphere that must appeal to any American. The description of the little brick-walled burial ground, the chapel itself, cool and bare, yet not empty, with the intriguing and baffling tombstone of the minister who met such an unministerial end, did not help to solve the mystery which all pilgrims are curious to unravel.

The community church played an important role in Colonial times, both east and west. Much of our early history revolves around the church, the meeting-house or the mission. The dramatic "Give me liberty or give me death" was first proclaimed by Patrick Henry from the precincts of a church. Paul Revere and Old North Church in Boston are historically associated. Churches often served as hospitals in time of war, and on one occasion at least, hymn-books were snatched from a church for use as wadding in Revolutionary cannons. In the midst of a plethora of dates, there are sprinkled dramatic and humorous anecdotes and details little known to the average reader, such as the valuable paintings, including some by Rubens and Van Dyck, which Louis Philippe presented to St. Joseph's Cathedral at Bardstown, Kentucky, and which are there today.

The book is excellently illustrated. Particularly pleasing are the remarkably beautiful photographs of Alamo Chapel, San Antonio; Mission San José de Aguayo, near San Antonio; and San Xavier del Bac, near Tucson; and Mission Santa Barbara, California. *Old Historic Churches of America* is worth the perusal of more than hobbyists.

JAMES J. LYONS

EMERSON HAD CHARM

THE LONELY WAYFARING MAN. By Townsend Scudder. Oxford University Press. \$2.50

POSSIBLY Emerson does not arouse the interest in our modern generation as he did in his own. Is it because the charm of his personality is felt now only in the few memories of survivors of his day? Few have been able to win friends and admirers by personal contact as readily as this American. Mr. Scudder's book is a ready proof of the thesis that Emerson's presence left a glow that his writings fail to stir. For the author has given us the story of the processes whereby a Yankee with an uncured twang so broke down English antipathy as to gain not only tolerant admittance to closed circles, but to create enthusiastic admiration and to form a group of followers. And thus the greatest value of this book lies in the fine portrait of Emerson's gentle charm. History has fortunately supplied the foil in Carlyle's rugged—yes, we may say, charm, to those who could see the love behind his cudgel blows. Very properly a large part of the work is devoted to Carlyle, and the few meetings between the American and the Scotsman weave a thread of unity for the whole.

Apart from the value and pleasure of seeing Emerson through the eyes, and more through the hearts of a

group of diversified English friends, Mr. Scudder has himself turned out a piece of delightfully written biography. Every paragraph is composed out of documented sources. Withal the author has not burdened his pages with constant references to these. He has assimilated the diaries and letters of the past, he has assembled on the threshold of his mind hundreds of phrases and sayings out of them, and then he has let the story flow consistently and succinctly in integrated paragraphs. The historian will not find foot-notes; but if skeptical he is challenged as it were by the author to find a phrase which has not been lifted out of the past. A fully documented list of sources follows the main part of the book. In the opinion of the reviewer few better examples of fine historical synthesis have been produced.

WILLIAM J. MCGARRY

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF G. K. CHESTERTON. Sheed and Ward. \$3

AN excellent review of this book by Thomas F. Woodlock appears in this issue on page 199.

MY CHANGELESS FRIEND; Twenty-First Series. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. *Apostleship of Prayer.*

READERS of the Fathers of the Church and later spiritual writers are left constantly reminded of the danger of the corroding influence of the world and its cares. The Church in the prayer of the Mass for the third Sunday after Pentecost asks "that we may so pass through the things of time that we may not lose the eternal." To supply an antidote to this corrosion in a popular, graceful, literary form must have been the object of Father LeBuffe in his *Changeless Friend* series, of which the present is the twenty-first. The latest maintains the high level of content and form that has secured so many readers who eagerly await yet another of "the little red" books.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT. By a Poor Clare Colettine. Sheed and Ward. \$2.50

CERTAINLY the joyousness of a full Christ-life within the soul deserves a new canticle in this our day. The singer knows well the art of "making melody in the heart unto the Lord." Contemplatives and those who strive to lead interior lives will appreciate the harmony of Divine love found in these songs. But others, too, who amid the world's din seek peaceful converse with the indwelling Divine Guest will find much here to stimulate their fervor. Saints might pause before endeavoring to interpret mystical experience to others. It is no easy task. Hence we must admire the daring of this anonymous daughter of Saint Clare who gives us this "little book of pure joy," a piece of exquisite prose. There is something Franciscan in its simplicity and enthusiasm born as they are of complete poverty and abnegation. Meditation on familiar Gospel scenes, prayerful study of the Sacred Text, especially the psalms and the words of Our Lord lead easily to exclamations of love and wonder on the part of this soul desirous of union with the Godhead. The author has a real gift of sure and apt expression.

THE PLAYS OF EURIPIDES. Translated by Moses Hadas and John H. McLean. The Dial Press. \$2.75

THERE are ten plays of Euripides, including the most famous, such as the *Alcestis*, *Medea*, *Hippolytus*, and the *Bacchantes*, done into English in this beautifully produced volume. By a comparison with the Greek text we have assured ourselves that the translations are good, neither better nor worse than those, say, of the Loeb Classical series. That peculiar homeliness of Euripides, that using of the words of everyday life, the common small-change vocabulary of the colloquial Athenian, that

ART

artless pathos and "dropping of warm tears," cannot be translated into an idiom that arose in the forests of Germany. The translators are thus faced with a tremendous initial difficulty parallel to St. Jerome's in setting the Hebrew idiom into the post-Augustan Latin. Jowett's *Plato* is the only classic that approaches to anything like a rendition of the original. But the authors have done well in avoiding archaisms and in using middle of the road English. That they have not done a work comparable to Jowett's *Plato* merely proves that they are not of the intellectual stature of Jowett.

The introduction also suggests the same. In it the authors try by gross daubs and mildly fanatical eighteenth century deist-like thrusts to sustain the thesis that Euripides was not religious, that he made fun of the old religion of Greece. The idea running through it seems to be that a writer becomes great in proportion as he sheds religion.

NOT UNDER FORTY. By Willa Cather. Alfred Knopf. \$2
A SHORT prefatory note informs the reader that the title of this book is meant to be arresting only in the literal sense, like signs put up for motorists "Road Under Repair" and such. In short, Miss Cather expects her essays to possess little interest for the younger generation who have the reputation of not caring for tradition in literature and who, knowing only this changing world, are content "to leave the past undisturbed." That this is partly the case cannot be doubted but surely, among people—regardless of age—genuinely devoted to the arts, the "backward" are more numerous than she might think; that even the passionate few should be dwindling is too distressing to contemplate.

In these rather slight essays Miss Cather writes informally of some aspects of literature which interest her and of certain literary personalities. Among these last are Sarah Orne Jewett, whom the author knew well, and their common friend, Mrs. James T. Fields, whose charming book *Memories of a Hostess* indicates what a thrilling thing life was at 148 Charles Street; and Katherine Mansfield of whom, as a child in a white frock cross-stitched with yellow ducks, we are given a delightful glimpse. Thoughtful, pleasant essays these, studded here and there with very quotable sentences, and clothed in a beautiful format. But it is as a novelist of the *Shadows on the Rock* vein that Miss Cather bids fair to become a classic; as an essayist she is simply a gentlewoman who writes with ease.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING. Harcourt Brace and Co. \$2.50

THE author of *The Shame of the Cities*, *Out of the Muck* and the best-selling autobiography, died on August 9, 1936. He wrote the foreword to this book the day before. In it he announces that his purpose is to gather some of the book reviews, sketches and columns he has written—mainly for a Carmel, California paper—in the hope of explaining the economic and the human collapse of the day to the "perplexed students, teachers, statesmen, businessmen, crooks and artists," to whom the book is dedicated. The *obiter dicta* character of this last work from the great muckraker makes his book seem, at first glance, superficial, and Steffen's partiality to the Soviet arouses the Catholic Actionist hankering to condemn. But Steffen was a sincere worker for social justice, and this book offers a fine chance to study the operation of a type of mentality which condemns the existing system as unworkable—because it has not worked!—and then to reform.

Sincerity and sympathy were Steffen's traits: both were sometimes wasted by him on unworthy persons and misguided causes. Filled with a passion for the Hearstian shibboleth, Communism, Steffen can still admire Hearst. He sheds tears over the misunderstood, self-pitying Darrow. He lyricizes over the Webbs—who did Shaw's economic thinking—Jack Reed, John Strachey, Berkman and other Marxian heroes. In addition there are some human interest sketches about Pete, the child of his old age, and some witty epigrams.

IT is rare that one can say, categorically, that a "new" old master has come to light, and a master whose work is of the very finest quality. The name of Georges de la Tour has been vaguely familiar to students of art for several years, but those who had not the privilege of being in Paris in 1934 to see the *Exposition des Peintres de la Réalité en France au XVIIe Siècle*, where de la Tour's newly attributed masterpieces were for the first time gathered together have before them an unsuspected revelation. Knoedler's is showing, through December 12, a selection of the work of de la Tour and the brothers Le Nain which seems to me of the utmost importance. No one with any interest whatever in painting can afford to miss it. Luckily, for those not living in New York, the show is to travel, as already stated.

Shortness of space prevents a detailed notice of the works of the Le Nains. They are very fine, and this exhibition is as complete as any ever assembled in this country. The quiet, homespun aspect of life in seventeenth century France shown in their work has great charm and great Catholic feeling. But the seven canvases by Georges de la Tour (1593-1652)—only twelve authentic pictures by the artist are so far known—must be singled out. The "New Born" (or Nativity) is an incredibly sensitive painting of a young mother and child with a nurse or assistant. Its color, like most of de la Tour's paintings is predominantly red and white and brown. The nurse holds a candle, shaded from the beholder by her hand, which illuminates the mother and child. The same device is used in "Adoration of the Shepherds." "Saint Sebastian Mourned by Saint Irene" is depicted by torch light; "Saint Jerome Studying in His Cell," although it contains no visible source of artificial light, yet suggests one.

The extraordinary glowing quality of all de la Tour's work is indicated by the fact that these paintings, all grouped together in one room, seem to supply their own illumination. It is a surprise to notice that there are, in fact, electric lights in the gallery. Of the profoundly religious inspiration of all these pictures, each must form his own impression by looking at them. But I feel since that any one who sees them will come away profoundly grateful for having made the discovery of a new master.

There have been two Picasso shows so far this season—that at Jacques Seligmann's seeming to me the more interesting. It dealt only with the artist's "blue" and "rose" periods, and is now unhappily over. There are currently two showings of Matisse, one at the Valentine Gallery (closing December 19) and one at the gallery conducted by the artist's sons. The Marie Harri-man Gallery has been having an exhibition, which will have closed when this column appears entitled "Chardin and the Modern Still-Life," which should have included the adjective "French" in its title. So modern French art has already had more than its share of attention.

The Walker Galleries announces an Anniversary Exhibition—almost one hundred per cent American—to extend from November 24 to December 15. Each of the Gallery's artists will exhibit one picture. For those unacquainted with the Gallery it may be explained that their artists are, among others, Curry, Benton, Grant Wood, George Grosz, Doris Lee, and Thomas LaFarge.

In the November 21 issue of the *Art News* appears a most amusing and at the same time cogent editorial (*The Editor's Review*) devoted to Hollywood malapropisms in the field of historical *décor*. Two photographs are reproduced—one showing Donatello's celebrated outdoor pulpit, the other the Balcony in the current film, *Romeo and Juliet*. He remarks it is not necessary "for our national taste thus to be made ridiculous in the eyes of the continent."
HARRY LORIN BINSSE

FILMS

WINTERSET. Maxwell Anderson's hard-bitten prize-winner comes to us in more frankly melodramatic terms in this screen version than in the stage play, and that is to say it has found its true level of theatre. It is a tensely engrossing film, splendidly enacted throughout and with enough action of the obvious sort to offset its social indignation. Further, it has been relieved of its pretensions to poetry and a happy ending has been contrived, so that no hindrance to popular success remains. On a life-long odyssey to clear his executed father of a murder charge, the bitter, vengeful Mio arrives at the squalid home of Garth Esdras, key witness to the shooting, and attempts to force the truth from him. In the shadow of the great bridge, he meets and falls in love with Miriamne, Garth's sister; confronts the doubt-ridden judge who had passed sentence on his father and is menaced by the gangster Trock, the actual murderer. After some casualties, Mio escapes to tell his story and Trock is killed by his own henchman. Burgess Meredith and Margo as the lovers, Eduardo Ciannelli as Trock and Edward Ellis in the role of the harried judge endow the picture with realistic force. This is not at all a pleasant film, its tragedy being relentless and unrelieved until the concluding moments, but it can be recommended to unflinching adults as a superior piece of work. (RKO)

LOVE ON THE RUN. The title of this film is to be taken literally, for when Joan Crawford starts to run away from a mercenary nobleman on their wedding day she is kept frantically in motion until an international spy ring is exposed and she droops happily in the arms of a resourceful reporter. Clark Gable is the newspaperman who helps the heiress to escape in a stolen plane and involves both of them in the theft of state secrets. The players concentrate on the lighter aspects of the intrigue and bring forth a swiftly moving, sometimes hilarious comedy. Franchot Tone provides keen competition for Mr. Gable and Reginald Owen plays an impressive villain. It is first rate family entertainment. (MGM)

REUNION. As a sequel to *The Country Doctor*, this film serves to reintroduce the Dionne quintuplets at a later stage of their development. It doesn't accomplish much else. When Dr. Luke holds a reunion of all the babies he has delivered, he is called upon to solve very mature problems. Among his grown-up charges are persons of prominence but they all yield to the homely common sense of the Moosetown practitioner. Jean Hersholt again assumes his familiar role and is supported by Rochelle Hudson, Slim Summerville and Helen Vinson. The comedy in the picture is in too many instances vulgar and clinical and wholly unsuitable for young audiences. As a matter of fact, there is little entertainment value to the production unless one is interested in vital statistics and the Dionne children. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

LOVE IN EXILE. Clive Brook returns to us in rather a jumbled tale of the troubles of a monarch. In spite of his finished performance, the film is only fitfully interesting. The plot concerns a king who is forced to abdicate his throne under pressure from unscrupulous business magnates. His return to power is engineered by the woman he loves, also an exile. Helen Vinson and Mary Carlisle offer adequate performances in vague characterizations but there are not enough good points to raise the production above the routine level. And there are enough bad points to place the film in the adult-audience class. (*Gaumont-British*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

A GROWING nonchalance toward money was sensed. . . . To a tramp asking for old clothes, a lady gave a used suit of her husband's. The tramp liked the suit, also the \$500 he found in the pocket. . . . The danger of putting money in ovens was exemplified. . . . A restaurateur placed \$700 in a little-used oven. A bit later the odor of burning stew and burning money issued from the little-used oven. . . . Other articles of value encountered mishap. . . . An Eastern octogenarian was inconsolable over a stolen pair of pants, treasured through long years. They were the ones he had run away from home in as a boy. . . . Crime continued manifesting effrontery. . . . Robbers locked a butcher in his ice box; got away with \$700 in Confederate bills. . . . A shifting social attitude among cracksmen was noticed. The written notes they left behind after blowing safes apart were said to be kindlier in tone. . . . The grim determination that is undiscouraged before the most disheartening handicaps was glimpsed. A promising young heavyweight pugilist, named Reginald by his parents, fought in the courts, had the handicap changed to Harry. . . . New, far-reaching legal precedents were established. . . . The controversial question whether false teeth are human, inhuman or non-human was finally settled by a Western court. False teeth in the mouth, whether they fit or not, are part of the body; in the pocket they are personal property.

Glimpses of Modern Civilization: A billy-goat sauntered onto the platform of a crowded New York subway, began chasing passengers up and down the platform. Charging into a packed train, the goat's eyes gleamed at the sight of so many helpless strap-hangers. Strap-hangers became irritable, lost their kindly attitude toward animal life as the goat butted into them with lowered head. Captured at the next stop, confined in the station-office, the goat dined off the subway records. . . . In an Eastern State, teachers received a questionnaire from the authorities, asking how much they spent for beauty-parlor treatment, toothpaste, postage stamps. . . . People in a Midwest city are receiving post cards containing the following printed information: "The people of Earth, because of superstition, ignorance and stupidity are in a critical moral state. Out of 117 inhabited planets investigated, they are the third lowest in intelligence and civilization. Denarb on the Planet Carituria has, for more than 3,000 years, regulated the population so that they have a constant population of approximately 150,000,000. It is 100% Co-operative, based on a few fundamental principles. Work is compulsory for 48 years. Pay for work ranges \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per hour with a bonus for prompt attendance and good work. Every one has a 60-day vacation each year. 99% plus live to 100 years of age; then pass out, making room for more."

It is always interesting to get news of what folks are doing in the Great Outside. Of course, with only 117 planets investigated thus far, it would appear imprudent to draw definite conclusions from these early returns. . . . One incipient reaction, however, to this fresh knowledge is the astonishingly high position of the Earth in the matter of intelligence and civilization (third from last). Few dreamed it was so high. . . . When returns from a couple of billion planets pour in, there should be enlightening data on how these people handle their work-relief problems, their poison-gas output. . . . It is our guess that when the final statistics on robberies, murder, divorce, killing of unborn babes, inhumanity of man to man, are available, our little Earth will be up among the leaders. . . . The report makes one feel like accompanying the investigators when they next drop in on Denarb or some other planet.

THE PARADER